

POETICAL INSTRUCTOR:

BEING A SHORT

INTRODUCTION --

TO THE STUDENT;

ENGLISH POETRY.

BY

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PREFACE.



THIS little work forms a part of the series prepared by the CALCUTTA CHRISTIAN SCHOOL BOOK SOCIETY for those schools and colleges of Bengal, whose education is not only scientific but religious, and made suitable for the special circumstances in which their scholars and students are placed. It is compiled therefore on the principles adopted by the Society, and is intended to furnish a short INTRODUCTION to the study of ENGLISH POETRY.

In the *arrangement* of its extracts, no one of the usual modes of classification has been adopted. For first, it is a most difficult thing to adopt any strict method of classification at all. Some pieces may fall exclusively under the Didactic, the Narrative, the Religious, the Humorous or the Pathetic, but many poetic compositions partake of several of these characters at once, while others are neither of one special kind nor another, but have to be ranked with the 'Miscellaneous.' Again, such classification is scarcely needed in a work with aims like those of the present one. It is a work, intended to be read right through; and in order to make such a process agreeable, the different styles of poetry have been mingled together, in such a way that pieces of different kinds appear in conjunction, while those of a similar character occur at regular intervals throughout. At the same time, to assist

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those who prefer more systematic poetic reading, a CLASSIFIED INDEX has been subjoined, in which all the selections are arranged according to their respective characters.

For the help both of teachers and scholars, a short INTRODUCTION has been written on the various aids to the expression of poetic thought, including *Metaphors* and *Tropes*, the choice of *peculiar words*, and the musical cadence of *Metre*. The account of the *Metres* has been greatly enlarged in the present edition.

Another feature in the present work, which may perhaps add to its value for the natives of this country, is the short notices, in various parts, of the writers whose pieces make up the volume. By their means the student will be introduced not only to an author's compositions, but to the author himself. Many of the Standard English poets have thus been noticed.

But few selections have been made from two of our best English poets, COWPER and MILTON; and that for the following reason. As the poems of *Cowper*, and '*Paradise Lost*' are read in all schools that supply a christian education, and can be obtained in Calcutta for a very small sum, it was thought desirable to occupy the limited space of this volume with contributions from sources less accessible to native scholars. From other authors of celebrated names no selections have been made at all. To form a poetic taste it is not needed that all writers of poetry should be studied, whatever be their personal character or the tendency of their writings. With one single exception therefore, and that having a particular reason, no writers have been quoted, the prevailing tendency of whose productions is adverse to pure religion or sound morality,

however great may have been their genius or exalted their position. Our great dramatist, also, has been excluded under the idea, that to introduce the unformed minds of the young into the dramatic circle, is not necessary for the proper education either of their morals or their taste, both of which may be well cultivated by less doubtful methods of tuition.

The more the subject is examined, the deeper will be our conviction of the great quantity and variety of good English poetry. If but few have risen to the highest places among English poets, the number of those who follow close behind them is immense, and includes numerous female as well as male writers. All that could be done therefore within the narrow limits prescribed to this work, was to give a few of the gems of English poetry, with several simpler pieces suitable to guide and inform the mind of a young reader. Having read these selections and learned something of their authors, he will be able to proceed to the complete works of the poets themselves. Or should he prefer a wider range of general information, the admirable '*Cyclopædia of English Literature*' published by the Messrs. Chambers, to which this work is much indebted, and which can be readily obtained in Calcutta, will supply him with an immense store of the best selections.

INTRODUCTION.

POETRY has existed among all nations from the remotest ages. It is a natural offspring of the human mind, but as with other fundamental and original products of that mind, men find great difficulty in exactly defining what it is. It is not derived from the Judgment, though often placed under its wise control. It is chiefly the offspring of the Imagination; and as this great faculty of the mind, whether exerted on the past or the future, ever invests its objects with a fictitious beauty and fervour, in the productions of poetry we look for more than the bare descriptions of actual sober fact. It is the work of the historian to describe faithfully what was or is in nature, and of the philosopher to analyse visible results and to draw out the causes whence they spring. But the painter removes from the landscapes which he copies those blemishes which offend his refined taste, while he adds beauties drawn not from them but from distant scenes. And the poet, in his descriptions, improves on nature, omits what is trivial, throws into stronger light what is important, embellishes each scene with a beauty and perfection not found in fact, and associates with the whole the feelings and impressions which it is calculated to inspire. It is only in poetry and painting that ideal standards are attained. Thus Bacon says, "Because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, Poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical. Because true history propoundeth the successes and the issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore Poesy feigneth them more just

in retribution and more according to revealed Providence. Because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore Poesy endueth them with more rareness. So it appeareth that Poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, to morality and to delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas Reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things." Poetical descriptions must be based upon nature, though they exhibit nature in its highest forms. They must also be so drawn as to interest the heart's affections and sympathies. The passions and emotions of men are the great sources of pleasure and pain, and are the prime movers of the will. To touch them, therefore, is the surest way to make moral beings feel and act. When the mind feels strongly it speaks strongly; its language is fervent and impassioned. Hence poetry, as the faithful expression of the higher feelings of the heart, guided by the judgment and aided by imagination, employs a language and style superior to the common modes of address. To understand it rightly and to properly appreciate its value, several circumstances connected with it must receive an attentive study.

1. THE DIFFERENT SPECIES OF POETRY.

There are different classes of objects by which the impassioned or the tender out-pourings of the mind are called forth. Hence arise *various kinds* of poetry peculiarly adapted to each class.

Epic poetry takes up some great subject, and for the instruction and amusement of its readers, describes in the form of a narrative, the various incidents which the progress of its history involves. To prove interesting, this narrative must include a variety of events calculated to draw the attention and arouse the emotions of the reader's

mind. The examples of such Epic poems are not few. In the *Iliad*, Homer has described the siege of the great city of Troy in the *Odyssey* he narrates the wanderings of the hero Ulysses. Virgil, in the *Æneid*, shows the origin of the great Empire of Rome as connected with the exile and flight of Æneas, the son of Anchises. In his *Jerusalem Delivered*, Tasso directed the attention of his age to the exploits and the dangers of the Crusaders whom they so greatly admired. In the *Rámáyán*, Válmík has narrated the events which follow the seizure of Sítá by Ráhan, the king of Lanká, including the consequent expedition of Rám to that island. In the *Mahábhárat*, we read of the great struggle for dominion between the Pándus and Kúrus which ended in the battle of Kúrukhetia. But the greatest subject ever chosen for an Epic poem is that of Milton's *Paradise Lost*,—the fall and recovery of the human race, and the wonderful excellence with which the poet executed his work has also raised his poem to a higher rank than any other production of the kind.

Another important class of poems are the LYRICAL. Originally these poems, as the name implies, were intended to be sung and to be accompanied by instrumental music; they include several varieties, as, *odes*, *hymns* and *songs*. *Odes* are a very ancient species of poetry, they were probably employed at first to express, with proper fervour, the thanksgivings of men for benefits received from God, or to extol the perfections and describe the great acts of God. Of this kind are many of the Psalms of David. Other Psalms were prepared for special occasions, as when the Israelites journeyed to Jerusalem to celebrate their solemn feasts, or brought up the Ark of God in triumph to the Tabernacle prepared for its reception. At present several varieties of *ode* are adopted among poets, some of a lighter character; others more grave and solemn. The more sublime odes take up great subjects, and as is natural where the heart is stirred by lofty themes and strains of

music, they allow of rapid transitions of thought and of strong and passionate language. Of the lighter kinds are the celebrated odes of Sappho and Anacreon in ancient days, and those of Gray, Collins and other English poets in modern times. Two or three such are contained in the present work. Of the more lofty odes, the most celebrated ancient writer was Pindar. We have an example in the Song of Miriam on the shore of the Red Sea. Another illustration, the '*Ode to the Passions*' by Collins, is contained in this volume, but the finest example in the English language is the Ode by Dryden, entitled '*Alexander's Feast*,' and intended to illustrate the power of music.

ELEGIES constitute a third variety of poems, called forth by occasions of sadness. Agreeable to the state of the mind in such cases, these poems are simple in structure and possess a mournful and plaintive tone. They also usually contain short descriptions and addresses to persons connected with the subject in hand. The verse should be freed from all harshness, should run easily and smoothly forward, and its sounds express a tender state of feeling. The '*Elegy*' of Gray contained in this volume, No 44, is the most beautiful specimen in the English language.

Other kinds of poems are the PASTORAL, which speak of rural life, the feelings which it calls forth, and the tranquillity which is said to attend it, the DESCRIPTIVE, which picture scenes and localities invested with a peculiar interest, and FABLES, which, with a moral end in view, make use of imaginary characters and scenes. DIDACTIC poems are those which have instruction as their particular end. Some of these relate to moral conduct, others to philosophical speculations, others to the recreations or business of life, others to the nature and rules of sound literary criticism.

To express these thoughts of various kinds in a manner suitable to their importance, Poetry calls in certain aids, especially two, *Language* peculiar in its character and pe-

culian in its *sound* Under the former are included *tropes* and *figures*, as well as *words* confined almost entirely to poetry under the latter, the varieties of cadence and musical sound termed, *metre* Of all these aids we shall now speak.

2 ON THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY

METAPHORS, SIMILES, TROPES AND FIGURES are found in all literature They appear necessary not only to the most beautiful expression of human thought, but to its complete expression. The employment of the same word in different senses, adds to the power of a language, without increasing the number of its words Besides figurative language is most pleasing to the mind, and even illiterate men constantly apply to one pursuit or class of circumstances the technical language which belongs only to another. Such language, too, often expresses a thought with great brevity, and is therefore calculated to increase the impression which a writer or orator wishes to make Diffuseness is ever wearisome, but energetic language briefly expressed, both draws attention and maintains it the primary thought being accompanied by a number of accessories which render its meaning clearer and produce a deeper impression. Metaphors in composition are like colour to a painting An historical writer, speaking of the effect produced on the English nation by the faithlessness of Charles I, says "The vessel was now full, and this last drop made the waters of bitterness to overflow" In few words he depicts vividly the wrongs of the nation, the provocation they had endured, and the resentment with which they were filled. When Gray declares, in his 'Elegy,' that 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave,' he reminds us that those paths are numerous, but though multitudes may tread them with ardour, they all converge to one point, the grave, which all men fear. When Jesus Christ asserts 'I am the light of the world,' he points out that the world is

morally in darkness, that He is the sun required to disperse it, able to give light unto all, abiding as a steady constant light, in whose bright beams all the work of the christian life can be faithfully performed. When the early christians called their burial grounds, 'a cemetery,' or 'place of sleep,' they expressed in the most energetic language, that a christian is like a labourer, working for his master, when his work is done, he retires to a scene of rest and repose, and when the night of the world is over, he shall wake again to sleep no more. Many words employed in a figurative sense are constantly in use. We frequently speak of a *piercing* judgment, a *striking* countenance, a *clear* head, a *stony* heart. We *glow* with earnestness, are *heated* with anger, are *chilled* with horror. We *swell* with pride, are *petrified* with astonishment, *thunder-struck* with surprise, *melting* by pity, *tossed* with uncertainty, and *dead* with fight. We walk through the world by the *light* of knowledge, make hope our *anchor* in times of doubt, and preserve ourselves from spiritual enemies by the *shield* of faith.

A fanciful illustration of the working out of a figure in detail, is the following passage in which life is compared to the manners and dress of the old pilgrims, who went on pilgrimage to Palestine

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage."

Poetry in its higher forms employs especially three kinds of figures, the *apostrophe*, *prosopopœia* and *hyperbole*. By *apostrophe* is meant the addressing an inanimate object as if able to hear us, or an absent person as if present. The prophet Jeremiah employs it, when after finding that his countrymen refused to hear the warnings of God, he addresses himself to their land itself as a witness "O earth,

earth, earth; hear the word of the Lord." In *Paradise Lost*, Eve, when quitting Eden, addresses with the most impassioned grief the flowers she had nurtured and the bower where she had lived. The figure termed *prosopopœia* is akin to the apostrophe. It consists in speaking of inanimate objects, as if they possessed life and reason. Not only the sun, moon, sea and other material objects are thus treated, but the emotions of the mind are so employed. An excellent illustration both of apostrophe and *prosopopœia* is seen in this volume, in Campbell's poem, *On the view of the sea from St Leonard's*. Other illustrations also abound in it. The *hyperbole* springs from the natural tendency of the mind to put its views in a strong light and make them carry a strong conviction to the minds of others. It is expressive of the strength and vigour of the emotions thoroughly aroused. Some passions make their objects appear more important than they really are, others on the contrary, make them less so. In each case we have hyperbole.

These figures suggest agreeable images, they give great variety to poetic language, render it more lively and light, exhibit the deep feelings of the mind in vivid colours, and thus aid poetry to accomplish its great object, the production of powerful impressions.

POETIC WORDS.

Another peculiarity of the language of poetry is the use of POETIC WORDS. Language is the expression of thought, and as common words are used for common things, philosophical words in philosophy, and vulgar terms by the vulgar, so the imagination has had reserved, for its use, some terms not generally employed in other than the productions of poetry.

1 Sometimes it employs a *peculiar idiom*, it may be a foreign one. Thus in the line, 'Into what pit thou seest from what height fallen,' Milton makes use of an idiom which is

not English, but is common in Greek and Bengali. In the extract No. 81, we have the very poetical expression, 'Aladdin's lamp of power,' which is a Hebrew idiom, numerous illustrations of which may be found in the English Bible. The most common of these peculiar idioms are the following :

a The abbreviated expression *what time* instead of *at the time when* :

Thus in *Paradise Lost*, i 34 :

" He it was whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels "

Again in *Comus* .

" Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came, "

b In poetry the *double negative* is not unfrequent.
In *Par. Lost*, i 335, occur the following lines :

" Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel "

c The antecedent of a *relative* is often omitted
In *Samson Agonistes* the following instances occur :

" But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
Than to despise or envy or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour raised
As their deliverer. "

" Just are the ways of God
And justifiable to men,
Unless there be who think not God at all "

d The expressions *were* for *would be*, and *had been* for *would have been*, are more common than in prose. Thus in *Par. Lost*, x 1055

" With labour I must earn
My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse :
My labour will sustain me, "

Again; x. 798 :

" Can he make deathless death ? That were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held."

e *Inversion* is exceedingly common, and peculiarly distinguishes poetic from prose compositions. The nominative case instead of preceding the verb, frequently follows it the adjective and participle also frequently follow their noun while the objective case is often found to precede the verb which governs it. By this process greater dignity and grace are secured

Paradise Lost abounds with illustrations; but we give only two. Book xi 806.

" So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,
Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;
One man except, the only son of light,
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurements, custom and a world
Offended, fearless of reproach and scorn
Of violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On them impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observed,
The one just man alive."

Again i 396:

" Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon, nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On the opprobrious hill; and made his grove,
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence,
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell "

f. Besides the above idioms, there occur frequent *ellipses* in poetry, participles, prepositions, and even verbs being omitted, in order to secure greater brevity and concentration of language. It is owing to these ellipses and to the numerous inversions, that poetic literature is so much more difficult to beginners than prose

5 Again some words are *slightly altered* from their ordinary form by adding a syllable or by cutting one off. Hence the forms *affright*, *disport*, *dower*, *marsh*, (marsh) and *enchain* hence also *vale* (for valley), *targe*, *grot*, *clime*, *trump*, *fiolic* (fiolichsome), *plain* (complain), *orient*, *mid*, *dusk*, *spoused*, *drear*, *dread* (dreaded), *helm*, *morn*, *eve*, *ebon*, *emprise*, *pagod*, *mead* (meadow), *illumine*, *ope* (open), *gravity*, *quest*, *auxiliar*, *hoar* (hoary), *bide* and *scape* (escape)

3 Others which in *former days* were common are now seldom used except by poets. Among these we find *afield*, *amain*, *anon*, *aye*, *behest*, *bridal*, *dame*, *fell* (wicked), *gore* (blood), *host* (army), *lamblin*, *lay* (poem), *lea*, *gleam*, *main* (sea), *meed*, *plod*, *athwart*, *blithe*, *brand* (sword), *brake*, *brindled*, *carol*, *dank*, *dayt* (bedecked), *ngle*, *kine*, *mazy*, *quere*, (a verb), *rebeck*, *ruthless*, *rue*, *scrip*, *sojourn*, *smite*, *speed* (a verb), *save* (except), *spray* (twig), *strain* (song), *swain*, *strand*, *thral*, *thrill*, *wail*, *welter*, *warble*, *wayward*, *woo*, *the while*, *yclept*, *yon*, *yore*, *wit* (to know), and *wight*

4 Others, *poetical only*, are not commonly used such as *arrowy*, *attune*, *bourn*, *bosky*, *besprent*, *breezy*, *circlet*, *clunion*, *courser*, *dawdling*, *darksome*, *dell*, *dewy*, *despite*, *dingle*, *elf*, *emblaze*, *embower*, *fan* (wing), *flowret*, *glade*, *impearl*, *ken* (know), *kingly*, *lore*, *maddening*, *nightly*, *noiseless*, *pinion* (wing), *shadowy*, *sheen*, *slumberous*, *streamy*, *sicant*, *taunny*, *upland*, *upswell*, *welkin*, *whalome*, *wilder* (a verb), and *viewless*

5 Others peculiar to poetry are from the Greek, Latin and French languages: such as *clang*, *clangor*, *choral*, *cull*,

boreal, dine, debonair, horrent, ensanguined, facile, gust, ire, lave, nymph, orient, panoply, pensile, port, prime, Philomel, infurnate, jocund, radiant, rapt, recreant, redolent, refulgent, sylvan, verdant, vernal, volant, zephyr, and zone

6 *Compound epithets* are also an important part of poetic language, though by no means peculiar to it. Thus we find, *awe-struck, amber-dropping, coral-paven, dew-be-sprinkled, empty-vaulted night, flowery-kirtled Naiades, ivy-mantled, moss-grown, rosy-fingered, heart-easing mirth, silver-shafted Dian, snake-headed Gorgon, many-sounding, bright-eyed, straw-built, sun-clad, sight-gladdening, night-founded, spirit-stirring, incense-breathing, heaven-taught*

7 Finally to add to the dignity of poetry many contractions common in ordinary conversation are excluded, and the full expressions only are allowed. Such words as *sha'nt* (shall not), *I'll* (I will), *we'd* (we would), *I'm* (I am), *he's* (he is), and the like, are reckoned marks of bad taste. On the other hand, the words *o'er, ne'er* and *e'er* are very common, and the expression *there's* is not unfrequent.

These peculiar words, however, are not essential to good poetry. Their occasional use serves to indicate the tone of the thoughts which the poet expresses, and to dignify and adorn a poem, as rare gems adorn a dress which in itself is rich and beautiful. But many of the most noble passages of English poetry contain only words which are employed in prose writings and in common life, and which the illiterate can easily understand. The great superiority of such passages arises solely from the thoughts they contain and from the grace with which the words that express them are combined together.

3 THE METRES OF POETRY.

Another aid to the expression of poetic thought is **METRE**. Sweetness of sound is always pleasant to the ear, and words can be so combined as to produce such sound.

This combination is called *versification*. Versification is not essential to poetry, though it is so to its perfect expression. Demosthenes declared 'Versification is to poetry what bloom is to the human countenance' and Horace implies that it is to poetry what colours are to a painting. In English versification two things have to be considered, *rhyme* and *rhythm*. *Rhyme* denotes the similar sound at the *ends* of pairs of verses, *rhythm* denotes the musical flow of a verse throughout. The ancient poets had no rhyme in their verses, they adopted only the musical flow of rhythm. English poets sometimes employ only rhythm, but very frequently make use of both.

To understand how musical sound in language is produced, let us consider the fundamental basis on which it rests. The syllables of words are pronounced with more or less emphasis and take a shorter or longer time to utter. They have from this circumstance been divided for metrical purposes into *long* and *short*, those to which custom gives more stress being reckoned long, those which are passed over more rapidly being counted short. Only these two kinds of syllables exist, and it is from the mode, in which they are combined and succeed one another, that we derive all the varieties of the rhythm of language, from the harshest sounds to the most sweet. The following symbols have also been adopted for them (—) put over a syllable denotes that it is *long* (∪) in the same way shows that it is *short*. Two or more of these syllables coming together make a *foot*, and *two feet* equal *one metre*. A verse composed of two metres is called *Dimeter*, containing three, it is *Trimeter*, if it has four, *Tetrameter*. At the same time, one peculiar species of verse, which contains only three metres, but *six feet*, is called *Hexameter*.

The various kinds of *feet* are formed from the combination of the long and short syllables by twos or threes. A short syllable preceding a long one (∪—) makes up the metrical foot called *LAMBUS*, a long preceding a short

(— ∪) is called a **TROCHEE**. Two long syllables together (— —) make a **SPONDEE** and two short (∪ ∪) a **PYRRHIC**. Two short preceding one long (∪ ∪ —) form an **ANAPÆST**, one long preceding two short (— ∪ ∪) a **DACTYL**.

These are the most common feet. Others are as follows. a *Tribrach* (∪ ∪ ∪), an *Amphibrach* (∪ — ∪), a *Cretic* foot, called also *Amphimacer*, is (— ∪ —). In reading the metre of poetry (a process called *scanning*) two short syllables are considered equivalent to one long in point of time therefore, the Iambus Trochee and Tribrach are equal to one another, so also are the Anapæst, Dactyl and Spondee. An instructive and easily remembered illustration of these feet is given by Mr Coleridge.

Tiōchēe | tiīps frōm | lōng tō | shōit ||

From long to long in solemn sort

Slōw Spōn | dēe stālks, | stīōng fōot ! | yēt ill | āblē, ||

Evēi tō | cōme ūp with | Dāctyl tī | sŷllāblē ||

I-ām | bīcs mārch | frōm shōit | tō lōng, ||

With ā lēap | ānd ā bōund | thē swift ā | nāpæsts thrōng ||

One sŷllā | blē lōng, with | ōne shōit āt | ēāch sīde, ||

Amphībiā | chŷs hāstes with | ā stātely | stride, ||

Fīst ānd lāst | bēīng lōng, | mīddlē shōit, | Amphīmā | cēi ||

Stīkes hīs thūn | dēiŷng, hōofs | like ā prōud | hīgh-brēd

īā | cēi |

An important question arises here. How is a long syllable to be known from a short one? Among the Greek and Latin poets generally a rule existed that a *vowel before two consonants is long*, a rule which is true also in *Benqālī*. But in English the rule is that all *accented syllables*, that is, syllables on which a stress is laid in pronouncing them, are long, while unaccented syllables are short. In English verse therefore, we have to look entirely to the number of accented syllables.

The various feet enumerated above produce, when sounded, a very different impression on the ear, a differ-

ence increased by their repetition. On this account they have been formed into *systems* applicable to the various subjects and styles of poetry. On the basis of the *Iambus*, we have *Iambic Dimeter*, composed of verses made up of four Iambic feet also *Iambic Trimeter*, made up of six such feet, and *Iambic Tetrameter*, including eight Iambic feet. By cutting off half a foot from each of these we have *Iambic Dimeter Catalectic*, *Iambic Trimeter Catalectic*, and *Iambic Tetrameter Catalectic*. The same with *Trochees*. From the *Anapæst* we have *Anapæstic Tetrameter* and *Hexameter*, from the *Dactyl*, *Dactyllic Hexameter*. *Spondees* can make up no system by themselves, being naturally slow and heavy they are used only as a variety in the *Dactyllic* and *Anapæstic* verses. So also are *Tribrachs* and *Pyrrhics*.

Iambic Dimeter.

This metre is very common in the minor English poems. The verses, if perfectly regular, should each contain two Iambic metres, that is, four Iambic feet. Thus

u — | u — || u — | u — ||

Such perfect lines are exceedingly numerous, but irregularities also are frequent. Thus a *Trochee* is sometimes placed in the first foot of a line. The *Pyrrhic*, *Anapæst* and *Spondee* are pretty common, and may be found in any part of the line. The following lines are examples

a. Pure Iambic Dimeter

Büt Līn | dēn sāw || ānō | thēr sīght ||
 Cōmmān | dīng fīēs || ōf dēath | tō light
 Thē fōūn | tāīn's fāl || , thē rīv | ēī's flōw ||
 Thē wōo | dỹ vāl || lēys wārm | ānd lōw ||

b. Trochee in the first foot.

Sīe ōn | thē moūn || tāīn's sōū | thēr'n sīde ||
 Mōvīng | āthwārt || thē ēve | nīng sky ||

Things aie | nôt ail || wäys dōne | bý stāits ||
Flōating | like foām || ūpōn | thē wāve ||

c. *Spondees and Pyrrhics.*

Fāi flāshed | thē rēd || ūtil | lēry.
Of thō | stēin strīfe || ānd cāi | nāge dīēai ||
Thiē sēv | crāl wāi || nīngs yōu | shāl hāve ||

d. *The Anapæst.*

Shāl mā | ný ān āge || thāt wāil | piōlōng ||
Aīd mōoied | bēncāth || thē tām | ārīnd bōugh ||

Coleridge's *Christabel* contains numerous lines of this kind, though written in Iambic Dimeter

Aīd plēa | sūes flōw īn || sō thīck | ānd fāst ||
Pēihāps | toō piēt || tý tō fōice | tōgē | thēi ||
Tō mūt | tēi ānd mōck || ā biō | kēn chārm ||
Tō dāl | lý with wīōng || thāt dōes | nō hārm ||

Iambic Trimeter.

This verse was very common among the Greek poets, but is rare among those of England. The present volume contains one example; No 39, *The Tyrolese Evening Hymn* Another piece, No 89, *The Pilgrim Fathers*, contains a mixture of the Iambic Trimeter and Ballad Metres Both pieces contain illustrations of the regular verses, and of the irregularities mentioned above.

a. Būt rēst | mōrē swēet || ānd still | thān ē || vēr nīght |
fāl gāve ||

b. Cōme tō | thē sūn || sēt tīē; | thē dāy || īs pāst | ānd
gōne ||

Nōt ās | thē flý || īng cōme | īn sī || lēnce ānd | īn fēai ||

c. Yēs ! tūne | fūl īs || thē sōund | thāt dwēlls || īn whīs- |
pēiūg bōughs ||

Whāt sōught | thēy thūs || ā fāi | brīght jēw || ēls ōf |
thē mīne ||

d. Thē wōod | mān's āxe || hēs fīē | ānd thē rēa || pēi's
wōik | īs dōne ||

Aīd thē hēa | vý nīght || hūng dāik | , thē hills || ānd
wā- | tērs o'ēi ||

Ballad Metre.

The Iambic measure which contains *seven Iambic feet* is called *Ballad Metre*, from being extensively employed in the old English poems known by that name. It is a metre of very simple structure, flows with great ease, and so divides the verse as greatly to assist the memory. No poems seem so easily learned as English ballads. Each Iambic line may be printed in a single line, as is the case in No 96. *Ivry* thus ;

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the day is ours Mayenne hath turned
his rem.

But the common practice is to print a complete line of seven feet in two lines, with four feet in the first part and three in the second. And this being repeated, the four lines compose what is sometimes called a verse or stanza. Thus in No. 14, *The Rainbow* :

When o'er the green undeluged earth,
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine ;
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign

The following pieces in the present volume are written in this metre

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 <i>The Homes of England.</i> | 51 <i>Gratitude to God</i> |
| 5 <i>The Fakenham Ghost.</i> | 65 <i>Horatius Cocles</i> |
| 14 <i>The Rainbow</i> | 70 <i>The Common Lot.</i> |
| 23. " <i>Ye Mariners of Eng-</i> | 76 <i>The Veteran Tar.</i> |
| land." | 80 <i>Web-Spinner</i> |
| 35 <i>The graves of a house-</i> | 91. <i>Napoleon's Grave.</i> |
| hold | 96. <i>Ivry.</i> |
| 38 <i>Gelert's Grave.</i> | |

The following are examples of regular lines, and of the various irregularities which are most common

a. *Regular lines*

Hŭrrāh | ! hŭrrāh ! || ă sîn | glě fiēld || hăth tŭrned | thě
chānce || ôf wāi. ||

Eäch mō | thei hēld || āloft | hēr child, ||
 Tō blēss | the bōw | of Gōd. ||
 Nōw Gōd | bē praised, || the dāy | is ōus || Māyenne |
 hāth tūrnēd | his iēm ||
 Oh ! whēre | dōēs faith || fūl Gē | lērt ioām, ||
 Thē flōwer | of āll | his rāce.

b. *Trochee* in the first foot.

Piēss whēre | yē sēe || mý white | plūme shine ||
 āmid | the iānks | of wā ||
 Bōrn in | ā tīme || whēn blōod | ānd crīme ||
 Rāged thiōgh | thý iēalm | āt will ||
 Whēn in | the slīp || peý pāth | of yōuth ||
 With hēed | lēss stēps | I iān. ||

c. *Spondees* and *Pyrhics*.

Hō ! gāl | lānt nō || blēs of | the Leagūe || lōok thāt |
 yōū speāis | bē brīght ||
 Hōw glō | liōps is || thý gh | dlē, cāst ||
 Oēi mōun | taīn, tōwei | ānd tōwn ||
 Aūd in | the thīck || ēst cāi | nāge blāzed || the helm |
 ēt of | Nāvāne ||
 Aūd will | yē fīom || his iēst | dāie cāl ||
 Thē thūn | dēibōlt | of wā ||

d. *Anapæsts* especially at the commencement.

Whēn ā bānd | of ēx || ilēs mōoied | thei bāik ||
 On the wild | Nēw Eēg | lānd shōre ||
 And mā | ný ā biāch, || ānd mā | ný ā hoūd ||
 Obēyed | Llēwēl || lýn's hōrn. ||
 Thēn lēt | him iēst || in his stāte | lý coūch ||
 Bēneāth the ō | pēn ský . ||
 Whēre the wild | wāves dāsh || ānd the light | nīngs
 fāsh ||
 Aūd the stōims | gō wāil | ing bý ||

Iambic Tetrameter.

The Iambic Tetrameter is merely the double of Iambic Dimeter, and is subject to the same rules and the same

irregularities. In English it is usually printed in two lines, and in verses containing two complete Tetrameters each. Two examples of the metrie are contained in this volume; No 8, the ballad of *Cumnon Hall* and No 90, *Lady Clare*. Several other pieces, as No 4; *The Famous Victory*, No. 24. *The Father's Return*, and No. 61, *Gray's Ode to Spring*, are written partly in *Ballad Metrie* and partly in *Iambic Tetrameter*.

a. *Regular lines*

Fōi | fā | thēi's heärt || is stoūt | ũnd truč ||
 As ē | vēi hū || mǎn bō | sōm knēw. ||
 Thē cās | tērn flōweis || thăt shāme | thē sūn.
 Aē nōt | sō glōw || ing, not | sō faīn ||

b. *Trochee.*

Woē wās | thē hoūi || fōi nē | vči mōre ||
 Thăt hāp | lēss Cōun || tēss e'ēi | wās sēen. ||
 Silvēied | thē wālls || ōf Cūm | nōi Hūll ||
 Aūd mā | nŷ ān ōak || thăt giēw | thēreby.

c. *Spondees and Pyrrhics*

Shoūt, bā | bŷ, shoūt || ānd clāp | thŷ hānds ||
 Fōr fā | thēr ōn || thē thŷs | hōld stānds ||
 'Tis sōme | pōoi fēl || lōw's scūll, | sǎid hē, ||
 Whō fēll | in thē || greāt vic | tōry. ||

d. *Anapæsts.*

Aūd like | thē bīnd || thăt haūnts | thē thōrn ||
 Sō mēr | rilŷ sāng || thē live | lōng dāy ||
 Lōid Rōn | āld is heīr || ōf āll | yoūi lānds ||
 Aūd yōn | aē nōt || thē Lā | dŷ Clāie. ||

Iambic Tetrameter Catalectic

This metrie is exceedingly like the measure last described since it differs from it only in wanting the last long syllable. But this enables it to make quite a different impression on the mind, and as the defect in the sound is allied to the ludicrous, the Latin poets employed the metrie

in the comic portions of their plays, and called it the *Comic septenarius*. It is extensively employed for the same purpose in English, and many of the songs most popular among the common people are composed on its rules. There is but one piece in the present volume that illustrates it, No 48. *The Old Cottage Clock*. This little poem contains a great admixture of Anapæsts with the regular Iambic feet, and it is thus rendered lively and spirited

- a. Its hēart | bēats ōn || though hēarts | arē gōne ||
Thāt wāi | mēi bēat || ānd yōung | ēi ||
- b Tick tick, | it sāid, || quīck, ōut | ōf bēd ||
Fōi fivē | I'vē gī || vēr wāi | nīng ||
- c. You'll nē | vēr hāve hēalth, || yōu'll nē | vēr gēt wēalth ||
Unlēs | yōu'ie ūp sōon || in thē mōr | nīng ||

Heroic Measure.

This term is applied to that form of Iambic metre, in which nearly all the larger English poems have been written such as *Paradise Lost*, and *Paradise Regained*; Thomson's *Seasons*, Cowper's *Task*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Roger's *Italy*, Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, Wordsworth's *Excursion*, and Southey's *Joan of Arc* and *Madoc*. Every line should contain ten syllables or *five Iambic feet*. In the true *Heroic Metre* the lines or verses do not rhyme. But in some poems the rhyme also is introduced, and the verses are fitted to each other in pairs. This is the case in Gray's *Elegy*, in Collins's *Eclogues*, in Pope's translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and in Dryden's *Virgil*. Numerous verses are found in these poems, that are perfectly regular but irregularities are of frequent occurrence. The most common are the *Trochee* in the first foot, and the *Pyrrhic* and *Spondee* in any part of the line. *Tribrachs* and *Anapæsts* occur but rarely. The following are examples.

Trochaic Dimeter.

All Trochaic metre is very spirited, being from its structure full of life and energy. It is much more disjointed than the Iambic metres, and does not read with the smoothness and grace by which they are distinguished. Very little of English poetry has been written in Trochaic metres; the two best poems that illustrate them are by American poets, and are both of recent origin. The *Song of Hiawatha* is written in *Trochaic Dimeter*, and its continuous flow well illustrates the peculiarities of that verse. The most frequent irregularity in the verse is the substitution of the *Pyrrhic* for the Trochee.

a Regular Verses

Faint with | fāmīne || Hīū | wāthā ||
 Stārtēd | frōm hīs | bēd ōf | brānchēs , ||
 Like ā | īng ōf || fīe ā | 1ōund hīm ||
 Blāzed ānd | flāied thē || rēd hō | 1īzōn ||.

b. Pyrrhics.

Tāll ānd | bēautī || fūl hē | stōod thēre ||
 In hīs | gāmēnts || grēen ānd | yēllōw ||
 Fālls ānd | flōats ū || pōn thē | wātēr. ||
 Fālls ānd | sīnks in || tō its | bōsōm ||

Trochaic Dimeter Catalectic

Several poems in the following collection are written chiefly in this metre. They are No 18 *The Providential Care of God*, No 28 *The Battle of the Baltic*, No 86 *The Aspirations of Youth*, and No 95, *The Bells*. All, however, have perfect Dimeter lines scattered through them and the last contains also *Trochaic Tetrameter Catalectic* verses, and *Cretic* feet. No 22, though written chiefly in Iambic Dimeter, contains numerous verses of the present metre.

a Regular lines

Hēar thē | mēllōw || wēldīng | bēlls ||
 Thōugh thē | bālmŷ || ān ōf | nīght ||
 Eāch gīve | eāch ā || dōublē | chārm ||
 Hāppy | whēn hēr || wēlūre | cālls ||

6 Pyrites

Minds ăie | ỏf cẻ || lẻstiẻl | bẻn th ||

Clād in | cōloīns || ōf thē | aīn ||

—And hě | dāncēs || ānd hě | yēlls ||

Tricharz Tetrameter.

This metrie is the double of Trochaic Dimeter and follows the same rules. A beautiful example is seen in No 68 *The Raven*. The poem is written in stanzas of five lines and a half each, of which the first and third are pure Tetrameter, and the second, fourth and fifth are Catalectic, the last short syllable being cut off. The closing half line, forming a kind of refrain, is Dimeter Catalectic. The poem of *The Bells* contains also *Tetrameter Catalectic* lines.

a *Tetrameter lines, both regular and irregular*

Tell this | sōul with || sōriōw | lādēn, || if with | in thē ||
distānt | Aīdēnn ||

And the | Rāven || nēvēi | flitting, || still is | sitting ||
still is | sitting ||

Nõt thẽ | leăst ỏ || beisănce | măde hẽ || , nõt ă |
mĩnũte || stõpped ỏ | stăyed hẽ||

b Trochaic Tetrameter Calalectic

Tell me | what they || loudly | name is || on the | night's
Plu || tomorrow | shore ||

Tis sŏme | vīsi || těr ěn | tīēating || ěntiānce | āt mŷ ||
chāmběi | dōoi ||

Dactyllic Hexameter

This metre was employed in many important poems among ancient classic writers. Both the poems of Homer and the *Æneid* of Virgil were written in it. Each verse consisted of six feet, either dactyls or spondees. The dactyl was specially appointed to the fifth foot and the spondee to the sixth but either spondees or dactyls might occur in any of the other four. Pure Dactylic lines are very uncommon. Attempts have been made to

introduce this metrie into English verse, but without success. Its great looseness is unsuited to the English ear, and other metries, especially the Iambic, answer much better to the genius of the English language. One specimen of it is given in No. 63 *Evangeline*. In the classical poems the metrical rule as to spondees was strictly observed, but in the English Hexameter it will be seen that the Trochee constantly takes their place. The following is the mode of scanning

From the cold | lakes of the | north, to | sultry | southern
să | vānūs ||

From the bleak | shores of the | sea, to the | lands where
thē | Fāthēr of | wātērs ||

Seizes the | hills in his | hand, and | diags them | down
tō thē | ōcēān ||

Among the following selections, No. 9, 'The Mariner's Hymn,' is written in what may be termed *Dactylic Tetrameter Catalectic* thus,

Set thy sails | wailly | tempests will | come,
Straight for the | beacon steer, | straight for the | high
land

Anapæstic Metre.

This metrie was often employed in the choruses of the ancient Greeks and is common in English poetry. The following was its classical construction

Pure Anapæst,	υ υ —		υ υ —		υ υ —		υ υ —
Spondees,	. — —		. — —		. — —		. — —
Dactyls,	— υ υ		. — —		— υ υ		. — —

It was noted above that anapæsts, spondees and dactyls equal one another in time. Hence the substitution of spondees for anapæsts in any part of the line, the accent always remaining on the same syllable. Dactyls are restricted to the first and third feet. Every Anapæstic system ended with a verse deficient by one syllable. An excellent illustration of this metrie, formed exactly on the

Greek model is seen in No. 77 of this work, '*The Burial of Sir John Moore*'

Nõt ä diũm | wās hēard, || nõt ä fũ | nēiāl nōte, ||
As his cōise | tō thē iām || pāt wē hūi | iēd.' ||

In English poems, the lines sometimes contain three Anapæstic feet and sometimes, four. An example of the former kind is seen in No. 12, *Alexander Selkirk* and of the latter in No. 13, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*. Several pieces in the volume are written in this metre, which is very popular in English literature. Pure Anapæstic lines are not very common the spondee and iambus often taking the place of the anapæst in one foot of the verse, especially the first

a Regular Anapæstic lines.

Like thē lēaves | ōf thē fō | iēst, whēn sũm | mēi isgrēen ||
Whēn I think | ōf mȳ ōwn | nātīve lānd |
In ä mō | mēnt I sēem | tō bē thēre ||
'Tis thē sũn | sēt ōf life | givēs mē mȳs | tīcāl lōie ||

b Spondees.

Wōe, wōe | tō thē i | dēis thāt tīām | plē thēm dōwn ||
Friēnds, brō | thēis ānd sīs | tēis āie lāid | sīde bȳ sīde ||
One tīme | hē pūt in | Alēxān | dēi thē Grēat ||

c Iambic feet

And thēre | lāy thē i | dēi dīstōi | tēd ānd pāle ||
Oh tēll | mē I yēt | hāve ä friēnd ||
Alās! | wē mūst lēave | thēe, dēai dē | sōlāte hōme ||

CÆSURA.

The last point connected with versification is the CÆSURA or PAUSE. This Pause may be defined as *a metrical foot divided between two words*, the first part of the foot constituting the last syllable of a word with more than one syllable. This pause should take place only near the centre of a line, not near its beginning or its end. Thus in Heroic Verse it may be at one-and-a-half, two-and-a-half, or three-and-a-half feet. So with other verses of either greater or

less length To put the pause near the beginning or end of a verse diminishes greatly its metrical rhythm. The following are illustrations

‘ A bōx that came from Vénice || and had hēld ’
 ‘ Shōots fūll perfection || thrōugh the swēlling yēa.’
 ‘ In mūsings || wōrthy óf the gréat evént ’
 Discóvering in wide landscape, || all the Eást.
 She fórms, imaginátions, || any shápes

The above statement and illustrations exhibit the rule which prevailed in ancient classical literature But that rule cannot be applied with any strictness in English poetry. In Greek and Latin poetry, the word preceding the Cæsura was required to possess more than one syllable. and the vast number of such words existing in those languages allowed of endless applications of the rule But in the English language there is an immense preponderance of monosyllables, and many of the most expressive nouns and verbs belong to that class Many of the finest lines in English poetry contain several monosyllables For instance in the Trochaic poem of *Hiauatha*, in which each line should contain eight syllables, there are hundreds of lines, which contain *seven words*, of which the dissyllable comes last The same is true of Scott’s *Marmion* According to the classical rule a Cæsura is impossible in the following lines

Thěy clōse | in clōuds || óf smōke | and dūst ||
 Still frōm | thě sūe || thě sōn | shāll hēa ||
 I will | kēep yōu || I will | hōld yōu ||
 Wōunds thāt | āche and || still mǎy | ōpēn ||
 Oñ thě | māt hēi || hānds lǎy | idlē ||

So eagerly the fiend,

O’ēi bōg | ōi stēep, | thrōugh strāt, | iōugh, dēse | ōr
 iāre ||

With hēad, | hānds, wings | ōi fēet, | pūisūes | hīs wāy, ||
 And swims, | ōi sīnks, | ōi wādes, | ōr cīēps, | ōi flīes ||
 With hīs bāck | tō thě fiēld | and hīs fēet | tō thě fōe |

In fact therefore the Cæsura in English poetry is made where the sense requires it, whether in the middle or at the end of a foot, and where the voice and ear of a graceful reader require a pause in order to receive and appreciate what is read

IMITATIVE LINES

It is not required that in poetry the metrical rules should always be observed. There are some occasions when the sense assumes such an importance that it becomes not only lawful but an improvement, to interrupt the measured flow of the verse by the introduction of a rhythm more expressive of that sense. This freedom has been made use of by all great poets. Sometimes, however, the metre is not set aside with this view, but is made to answer its purpose more effectually. Modern English poetry contains many such imitative lines, of which we subjoin a few specimens. The following lines are expressive of *harshness*

—‘ On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder ’ *Parad Lost*, iii 879

Here is Milton’s description of the *Confusion of Babel*
xii 56

Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders, each to other calls,
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage
As mocked, they storm. Great laughter was in Heaven
And looking down to see the hubbub strange,
And hear the din. Thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

He thus describes the smooth and noiseless opening of the gates of Heaven. vii 205

Heaven opened wide,
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving

Death threatens Satan in the following powerful lines,

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive ! and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

The following describe *huge bulk*

—— ‘ Part huge of bulk

Wallowing, unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean ’ Book vii 410.

So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay 1. 209

Swiftness is represented by these,

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o’er the unbending corn and skims along the main.
See wild as the winds o’er the desert he flies !
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal’s cries.

Laborious trouble by the following .

With many a weary step and many a groan,
Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone ,
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground.

SCANNING.

The process of determining the metre of a poem, and of exhibiting the regular and irregular feet of its several verses is called *scanning*. A few considerations will enable the student to carry it on with accuracy and speed

1 It has been already noticed that in poetry words must on the whole retain the same pronunciation as they bear in prose. The poet does not alter that pronunciation, but accepts the sounds which he finds in the language, and moulds them to the purpose which he has in view. Were he to do otherwise the very language would be altered, and we should have only an unmeaning jargon. Thus it is that the long and the short syllables of words may easily be found by considering the accents which custom attaches to one syllable or another.

2 There are many words, especially of more than one syllable, whose pronunciation is very distinctly fixed by custom, and in which the long and short syllables are clearly indicated. Almost every line of poetry contains one or more of these words. These may be termed *guiding words* in scanning, and their accented syllables, *guiding syllables*.

3 Following these guiding syllables, the student will notice that if the long syllables are separated from each other by a single short one, the metre must be either Iambic or Trochaic but if two short ones intervene, it will be Anapaestic or Dactylic.

4 In Trochees and Dactyls the long precedes the short. in Iambics and Anapaests, the long syllable is the last of the foot. *a.* Let the student now look both at the beginnings and endings of the various verses to see where the long syllables fall, and he will soon see to which of these classes, the prevailing feet of these verses belong *b* Let him further read over several lines to see whether the system he conjectures be continually kept up

5 Next let him count the number of syllables in each verse, and the number of feet into which they should be divided, and he will be able readily to say the exact branch of the systems, already described, in which the poem is written, whether Dimeter, Tetrameter or Heroic measure. Thus in page 77, No 34; several lines have exactly eight syllables, and the Iambic foot occurs so regularly, that a student will immediately perceive the metre to be *Iambic Dimeter*.

6 Having found the guiding syllables, and determined the kind of metre, let him now mark off the feet from the beginning of the line, putting the mark *before* the long syllable in Trochaic and Dactylic verses, and *after* it in Iambic and Anapaestic lines thus.

Iambic. Almigh | tŷ, thine | this ū | nīvēi | sāl fráme. |
Troch | Eāch gīves | eāch ā | dōublē | chām. ||

Dact. | Launch thŷ bāk, | mālīnēr -

Anap. Fōi ā fiēld | ōf thē deād | iŷshēs iēd | ōn mŷ sight |

7 The difficulties in scanning arise from syllables whose pronunciation is not completely fixed, and which may therefore be considered doubtful.

a. Enclitic words, like *and*, *to*, *in*, *of*, *is*, *or*, *on*, and the like, are almost always short. Occasionally a special emphasis laid on such a word may make it long.

b. The syllable *ed* at the end of verbs, as in *passed*, *oppressed*, and *returned* is most frequently not reckoned at all, and the word is pronounced *oppriest*, *returnd* and *past*. Sometimes, however, it is needed to complete the proper number of syllables in the verse and is pronounced distinctly by itself · thus ·

Tro In thē | islānds | ōf thē | Blēssēd |

Iamb. Dōing | ābhōi | rēd iītes | tō Hē | cātē ||

Iī thēn | ōbscū | iēd hāunts | ōf in | mōst bōwers ||

c. The syllable *en* at the end of words like *heaven*, *given*, *liven*, is also doubtful the poet may make it a separate syllable or not as he likes.

d. Several diphthongs as *ia* and *ie* may be treated in the same way if two syllables are required, the *i* is deemed a vowel · if only one, it is equivalent to the consonant, *y*, and the syllable becomes *ya*, *ye* and so on.

Thē ūnvā | iying'biēze, | whōse ūn | ābā | tīng strēngth |

Thēn, glād | lŷ tūr | nīng, sōught | hīs ān | ciēt plāce |

In all these cases, the student must determine the metre by a study of lines in which these difficulties do not occur, and there he will discern the requirements of those lines in which the poet employs them. It should, however, be remembered that in Milton and other of our older poets, the older forms and pronunciation of individual words occur, which have been changed since their day.

Lěst Pā | 1ă dīse | ů 1ō | *cepta* | clě p1ōve ||
 Iñ shāip | *contest* | ōf bāt | tlě foūnd | nō aīd ||
 Tō teāch | thēe, thūt | Gōd ot | *tributes* | tō plāce ||
 On pīn | cēs whēn | thēr 1ēh | 1eli | *nue* lōng ||
 And cor | *poreal* | tō īn | cōipō | 1eāl tūrn ||

Scanning has to do only with the mechanical framework of poetry but it is nevertheless of great importance. When well understood it enables us to appreciate the measured sounds and accents with which poets have expressed their thoughts, and thus to reckon at a higher value the beauty, sublimity and grace which the thoughts themselves contain

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POETICAL INSTRUCTOR.

I.

THE CHANGE OF THE SEASONS.

BY THOMSON

JAMES THOMSON was born near Kelso in the year 1700 A. D., and spent his boyhood in the retired country near the Cheviot Hills on the Scottish border. His poetic gift was developed in early life and raised him above that poverty into which he was plunged by his father's death. The poems by which he is chiefly known are named *The Seasons* and *The Castle of Indolence*. The latter of these was written when his taste and poetic skill had become matured by study and foreign travel. The former was his first production, but received numerous corrections and additions during a period of sixteen years. Its beautiful descriptions, so true to nature, its enthusiastic spirit, the keen perception of beauty, in all the varied aspects of rural scenery, which it displays, and the kindly spirit of benevolence by which it is pervaded, have given the poem a popularity which it preserves to the present day. Thomson died, near London, in 1748.

THESE as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God The rolling year
Is full of thee Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love
Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round, the forest smiles,
And every sense and every heart is joy
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,

And spreads a common feast for all that live
 In Winter, awful thou! with clouds and steam,
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er the deep a roll!
 Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what power divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train.
 Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combined,
 Shade unperceived, so softening into shade,
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,
 That, as they still succeed they ravish still
 But wandering oft, with rude unconscious eye,
 Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,
 Works in the sacred deep, shoots towering thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring,
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles 'tis nought to me,
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey, there with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise

II.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. HEMANS is one of the sweetest female poets of modern times in England Her productions are specially admired for their melodious versification, their glittering fancy and tender pathos They include the *Forest Sanctuary*, *Records of Woman*, *Laus of Many Lands* and a great variety of minor pieces. Several of these last have been selected for the present volume.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand !
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !
Their woman's voice flows forth in song,
Of childhood's tale is told ;
Of lips move tunelessly along
Some glorious page of old

The cottage-homes of England !
By thousands on her plains,

They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
 And round the hamlet-fanes -
 Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the bud beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !
 Long, long, in hut and hall,
 May hearts of native proof be reared
 To guard each hallowed wall !
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God.

III

AN EVENING IN BENGAL.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER was Bishop of Calcutta from 1823 to 1826, in which latter year he was drowned at Trichinopoly. While yet a student at Oxford, he gained the prize for the best poem on the subject of *Palestine*, and continued to distinguish himself as a scholar to the close of his life. Elegance and ease are the chief features of his poetry.

Our task is done ! on Gunga's breast
 The sun is sinking down to rest,
 And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
 Our bark has found its harbour now
 With furled sail and painted side,
 Behold the tiny frigate ride
 Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslems' savoury supper steams,
 While all apart, beneath the wood,
 The Hindu cooks his simpler food
 Come, walk with me the jungle through ;
 If yonder hunter told us true,

Far off, in desert dank and rude,
 The tiger holds his solitude,
 Now (taught by recent harm to shun
 The thunders of the English gun)
 A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
 Returns to scare the village green
 Come boldly on, no venom'd snake
 Can shelter in so cool a brake;
 Child of the sun, he loves to lie
 Midst nature's embers, parched and dry,
 Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
 The peepul spreads its haunted shade,
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
 Fit wanderer in the gate of death.
 Come on, yet pause! Behold us now
 Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
 Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
 Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
 And winds our path through many a bower
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower,
 The ceriba's crimson pomp displayed
 O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
 And dusk anana's prickly blade,
 While o'er the brake, so wild and fan,
 The betel waves his crest in air.
 With pendent train and rushing wings
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
 And he, the bud of hundred dyes,
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
 So rich a shade, so green a sod,
 Our English faunes never trod;
 And who in Indian bowers has stood,
 But thought on England's 'good greenwood,'
 And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;
 And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)

To gaze upon her oaks again ?
 A truce to thought ! the jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
 And through the trees yon failing day
 Will scantily serve to guide our way ;
 Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
 Before, beside us, and above,
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring ;
 While to this cooler air confest,
 The broad dhatura bares her breast,
 Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
 A pearl around the locks of night !
 Still as we pass, in softened hum,
 Along the breezy alleys come
 The village song, the horn, the drum -
 Still as we pass, from bush and brier
 The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ,
 And what is she whose liquid strain
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell !
 It is—it must be—Philomel
 Enough, enough, the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze ;
 The flashes of the summer sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From both our cabin sheds its beam ,
 And we must early sleep, to find
 Betime the morning's healthy wind
 But oh ! with thankful hearts confess
 Even here there may be happiness .
 And he, the homteous Sire, has given
 His peace on earth, His hope of Heaven.

IV.

THE FAMOUS VICTORY.

BY SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY is one of the most voluminous English writers of modern times. He was not only a poet, but an antiquarian and historian likewise. His greatest poems are *Thalaba*, an Arabian tale, and *The Curse of Kehama*, the scenes of which are supposed to occur in Hindustán. *Madoc*, an epic poem, describing the adventures of a Welsh Prince, *Roderick, the last of the Goths*, and numerous other works are the productions of his pen. Though containing magnificent conceptions, these poems have never been extensively popular.

It was a summer's evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done;
 And he, before his cottage door,
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found;
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by,
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And, with a natural sigh,
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory !

" I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about,
 And often, when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out :
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in that great victory !"

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"

Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up,

With wonder-waiting eyes,
"Now, tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for "

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,

"Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.

But every body said," quoth he,

"That 'twas a famous victory !

"My father lived at Blenheim then,

Yon little stream hard by,
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head !

"With fire and sword, the country round

Was wasted far and wide,
And many a chiding mother then,
And new-born baby died !—

But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory

' They say it was a shocking sight

After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun !—

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good prince Eugene,"

"Why. 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay, Nay, my little gnl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory!"

"And every body prais'd the Duke
 Who this great fight did win"
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory!"

V

THE FAKENHAM GHOST

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD is one of the rural poets of England he was born in 1766 and died in 1823 His early life was passed in the actual labours of agriculture, but he finally settled in London as a shoemaker. It was while working at this trade that he composed the chief part of his poetry. His poems are *The Farmer's Boy*, *Rural Tales*, *Wild Flowers*, &c. The following ballad is founded on a fact

The lawns were dry in Euston park;
 (Here truth inspire my tale!)—
 The lonely footpath, still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.

Bewighted was an ancient dame,
 And fearful haste she made,
 To gain the vale of Fakenham,
 And hail its willow shade

Her footsteps knew no idle stops
 But followed faster still,
 And echoed to the darksome copse
 That whispered on the hill,

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
 Bespoke a peopled shade,
 And many a wing the foliage brushed,
 And hovering circuits made

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
 That sought the shades by day,
 Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew, and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubled mind;
 When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.

She turned, it stopped!—nought could she see
 Upon the gloomy plain!
 But, as she strove the sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame;
 For, where the path was bare,
 The trotting ghost kept on the same;
 She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her flight,
 She tried what sight could do.
 When through the cheating glooms of night,
 A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
 It followed down the plain,
 She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
 And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
 The white park-gate in view,
 Which pushing hard, so long it swung
 That ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
 Her heart-strings like to crack,
 For much she feared the grisly ghost,
 Would leap upon her back.

VI.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES

The following Ode, an imitation of the Greek poet Alceus, was written by SIR WILLIAM JONES. This distinguished scholar was born in 1746, and died in Calcutta, in 1791. While at College he devoted himself to the study of ancient languages and literature, and subsequently to the languages of the East and continuing these studies in after life, he became one of the greatest linguists that ever lived, having attained a knowledge of twenty-eight languages. He chose the law as his profession, and acquired a very considerable knowledge of it. In 1783, he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, and arrived in that city at the end of the year. During his short residence of ten years in Bengal, he did much to promote Oriental studies. He founded the Asiatic Society, applied diligently to the acquisition of Sanskrit, then unknown to Europeans, and translated various portions of Sanskrit literature into English. He also edited an edition of the Institutes of Manu and translated them. He died after a short illness in April, 1791.

WHAT constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate.

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad aimed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued

In forest, brake or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain

These constitute a state,

And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,

On thrones and globes elate

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
 Sinit by her sacred frown,
 The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks;
 "And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
 Such was this heaven-loved isle,
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
 No more shall Freedom smile?
 Shall Britons languish and be men no more?
 Since all must life resign,
 Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
 'Tis folly to decline,
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

VII

THE LEPER MATT viii 1—4.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

MR WILLIS is an American poet still living. His poetical works are not numerous, but include some very pleasing illustrations of scripture narratives. Two or three such are included in this volume. The following poem contains many allusions to the Law of Moses concerning lepers, this law will be found fully described in Leviticus xiii. particularly verses 45 and 46

"Room for the leper! Room!"—and as he came,
 The cry passed on, "Room for the leper! Room!"
 Sunrise was slanting on the city gates,
 Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
 The early risen poor were coming in,
 Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
 Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
 Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
 And all that in a city murmur swells,
 Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
 Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
 Hailing the welcome light, and sounds that chase

The death-like images of night away.

"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood,
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying "Unclean!—Unclean!"

'Twas now the depth
Of the Judean summer, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had budded on the clear and flashing eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance, and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away
The blood beat not as wont within his veins,
Dimness crept o'er his eye, a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his port,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed, a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear, silver key,
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steeped in sluggishness
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein

Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
 The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook
 Day after day he lay as if in sleep,
 His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales
 Circled with livid purple, covered him,
 And then his nails grew black and fell away
 From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
 Deepened beneath the hard, unmoistened scales,
 And from their edges grew the rank white hair—
 And Helon was a leper.

Day was breaking,
 When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God The incense lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
 Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
 Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
 Wasted to ghostly thinness, Helon knelt.
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
 Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
 His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
 And with the slackcloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering stood still,
 Waiting to hear his doom —

“Depart! Depart! O child
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God;
 For he has smote thee with his chastening rod;

And to the desert wild,
 From all thou lovest, away thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague his people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
 The busy mart, the crowded city more;
 Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er.

And stay thou not to hear
 Voices that call thee in the way; and fly

From all who in the wilderness pass by

Wet not thy burning lip

In streams that to a human dwelling glide ;

Nor rest thee where the covert fountain hides ;

Nor kneel thee down to sip

The water where the pilgrim bende to drink ,

By desert well, or river's grassy brink

'And pass not thou between

The weary traveller and the cooling breeze ,

And lie not down to sleep beneath the tree

Where human tracks are seen ,

Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,

Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart ! and when

Thy heart is heavy and thine eyes are dim,

Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him,

Who, from the tribes of men,

Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.

Depart, O leper ! and forget not God !'

And he went forth—alone , not one of all

The many whom he loved, nor she whose name

Was woven in the fibres of the heart

Breaking within him now, to come and speak

Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way

Sick and heart-broken and alone, to die,—

For God hath cursed the leper !

It was noon,

And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool

In the lone wilderness and bathed his brow,

Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched

The loathsome water with his fevered lips

Praying that he might be so blessed—to die !

Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,

He drew the covering closer on his lips,

Crying "Unclean ! Unclean !" and in the folds

Of the coarse sackcloth, shrouding up his face,

He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
 Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
 The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,
 "Helon!"—The voice was like the master-tone
 Of a rich instrument, most strangely sweet;
 And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
 And for a moment beat beneath the hot
 And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
 "Helon, arise!" and he forgot his curse,
 And rose, and stood before him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
 As he beheld the stranger. He was not
 In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
 The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
 No followers at his back, nor in his hand
 Buckler or sword or spear,—yet in his mien
 Command sat throned serene, and, if he smiled,
 A kingly condescension graced his lips,
 The lion would have crouched in his lair
 His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
 His stature modelled with a perfect grace,
 His countenance, the impress of a God,
 Touched with the open innocence of a child;
 His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
 In the serenest noon, his hair unshorn
 Fell to his shoulders, and his curling beard
 The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
 He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
 As if his heart was moved, and stooping down,
 He took a little water in his hand
 And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
 And, lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow

The dewy softness of an infant stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed and he fell down,
 Prostrate at Jesu's feet, and worshipped him.

VIII

CUMNOR HALL.

BY MICKLF.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLF, the son of a Scotch clergyman, was born in 1734. His early life was spent in trade, but being anxious to shine in literature he went to London to push his fortune. His literary schemes all failed, and he became Corrector of the press in the Clarendon Press at Oxford. Here he published some poems, and translated into English poetry the 'Lusiad' of Camoens, the most distinguished poet of Portugal. The following ballad of 'Cumnor Hall' is a popular poem and from the easy and musical flow of its verse well deserves to be so. It describes the melancholy retreat and death, at Cumnor Hall in Berkshire, of the wife of Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester. The Earl was early married to the unfortunate subject of the poem, Amy Robsart. After his advancement at court, his former love to his countess was changed into hatred, as he considered her the only bar to his ambitious project of marrying Queen Elizabeth. Accordingly he confined her in an ancient Gothic building, which had formerly been an abbey, upon his manor of Cumnor. From this dreary solitude she disappeared so very unaccountably, and her husband's account of her death seemed so suspicious, that it was generally believed she was murdered there.

The dews of summer night did fall :
 The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
 Silvered the walls of Cumnor-hall
 And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies ;
 The sounds of busy life were still ;
 Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
 That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
 That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
 To leave me in this lonely grove,
 Immured in shameful privacy ?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
 Thy once-beloved bride to see,
 But be she alive, or be she dead,
 I fear, stern Earl! 's the same to thee.

"Not such the usage I received,
 When happy in my father's hall,
 No faithless husband then me grieved,
 No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
 No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
 And, like the bud that haunts the thorn,
 So merrily sung the livelong day

"If that my beauty is but small,
 Among court ladies all despised,
 Why didst thou lend it from that hall,
 Where, scornful Earl! it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
 How fain I was you oft would say!
 And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
 Then left the blossom to decay

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
 The rose is pale, the lily's dead,
 But he that once their charms so prized,
 Is sure the cause those charms are fled

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey
 And tender love's repaid with scorn,
 The sweetest beauty will decay,
 What floweret can endure the storm?

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
 Where every lady's passing rare,
 The eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
 Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave those beds,
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose whose pale shades
Must sicken, when those gauds are by !

"'Mong rural beauties I was one,
Among the fields wild flowers are fair ,
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,
O! 'tis not beauty flies thy vows ,
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine ?

"Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And oh, then leave them to decay ?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day ?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lonely as I go ,
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a Countess can have woe. .

"The simple nymphs ! they little know,
How far more happy's their estate ;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe,
To be content than to be great —

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care !
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"No! cruel Earl! can I enjoy
 The humble charms of solitude;
 Your minions proud my peace destroy
 By sullen frowns or pratings rude.

"Last night as sad I chanced to stray,
 The village death-bell smote my ear,
 They winked aside, and seemed to say,
 'Countess, prepare thy end is near.'

"And now while happy peasants sleep,
 Here sit I lonely and forlorn,
 No one to soothe me as I weep,
 Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag, my hopes decay,
 Still that dread death-bell strikes my ear
 And many a boding seems to say,
 'Countess, prepare thy end is near.' "

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and dear;
 Full many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and dear,
 Full many a piercing scream was heard,
 And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
 An aerial voice was heard to call,
 And thrice the raven flapped his wing
 Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door.
 The oaks were shattered on the green;
 Woe was the hour, for never more
 That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor now no more
 Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
 For ever since that dreary hour
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall

The village maids, with fearful glance,
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
 Nor ever lead the merry dance,
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
 And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
 As wandering onward he espied
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

IX

MARINER'S HYMN.

BY MRS SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
 Christian, God speed thee!
 Let loose the rudder-bands,
 Good angels lead thee!
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come;
 Steer thy course steadily,
 Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are round thee.
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallow may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail, there!
 Hold the helm fast!
 So—let the vessel wear—
 There swept the blast.

' What of the night, watchman !
 What of the night ?'
 ' Cloudy, all quiet—
 No land yet—all's right.'
 Be wakeful, be vigilant,
 Danger may be,
 At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

How ! gains the leak so fast ?
 Clean out the hold,—
 Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold
 There—let the ingots go—
 Now the ship rights
 Hurra ! the harbour's near—
 Lo ! the red lights

Slacken not sail yet
 At inlet or island,
 Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the high land :
 Crowd all thy canvass on,
 Cut through the foam ;
 Christian, cast anchor now ;
 Heaven is thy home

X.

THE JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

BY COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER is pre-eminently the *religious poet* of England, and there is no poet whose works, as a whole, may be read by the young with so much pleasure and profit combined, as his. He was born in 1731. Connected by many links with the aristocratic families of England, he might have expected to rise in wealth and distinction as his life advanced, but soon after finishing his studies and entering on prac-

tice as a barrister, the tendency to insanity, contained in his constitution strongly developed itself and prevented all further progress as a public man. On recovering from the first attack, he retired into the country and spent the remainder of his life on the banks of the Ouse, and chiefly at Olney. Here he was attended by only one or two faithful friends, whose society cheered his gloomy hours, and it was here he produced his poems. The best known of these poems are entitled, *Till Talk*, the *Progress of Error*, *Truth*, *Charity*, *Hope*, the *Task* and his *Translation of Homer*. 'The Task' from its beautiful descriptions of English scenery and manners, and from the moral sentiments pervading it, is quite a national favourite. Most strange was it, that one who was so calculated to promote harmless mirth, should himself live in such deep gloom, that one who was a true Christian should live almost destitute of religious joy, and that one so full of affection should have cut himself off from society and lived the life of an outcast. But few extracts from his valuable poems will be found in the present volume, all his best works can be had in Calcutta in two volumes for twelve annas.

It happened on a solemn eventide
 Soon after He that was our Saviour died,
 Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
 The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
 Sought their own village, busied as they went
 In musings worthy of the great event.
 They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
 Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife,
 Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
 A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
 The recollection, like a vein of ore,
 The further traced enriched them still the more,
 They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
 Sent to do more than he appeared to have done,
 To exalt a people and to place them high
 Above all else, and wondered he should die
 Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
 A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
 And asked them, with a kind, engaging air,
 What their affliction was, and begged a share
 Inward, he gathered up the broken thread,
 And truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
 Explained, illustrated, and searched so well

The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
 That, teaching home "The night," they said, "is near,
 We must not now be parted, sojourn here"
 The recreant acquaintance soon became a guest,
 And made so welcome at their simple feast,
 He blessed the bread but vanished at the word,
 And left them both exclaiming, "Twas the Lord!
 Did not our hearts feel all he dignified to say,
 Did they not burn within us by the way?"

XI.

HASSAN THE CAMEL-DRIVER

BY COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born in 1720. Though of a poor family, he was educated at Oxford. Like those of the poet Gray, his works are few, but of great excellence. His 'Perian Elogues' are very beautiful for their vivid descriptions, pleasing dialogues and musical tone. His 'Odes' are numbered among the finest lyrical poems in the English language. Strangely to say, none of these admirable works attracted notice during the Author's life, and the disappointment he experienced preyed greatly on his spirits. A friend once met him travelling with a book under his arm, and enquired what it was, "I have but one book," said he, "but it is the best." It was the New Testament. Herein under his misfortunes at the age of thirty-six. Only two of his poems are contained in this volume, 'Hassan the Camel-driver,' and the 'Ode to the Passions.' But the whole of his works will be read with pleasure.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
 The driver Hassan, with his camels passed;
 One cuse of water on his back he bore,
 And his light scrip contained a scanty store,
 A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
 And not a tree, and not a herb was nigh
 The beasts with pain then dusty way pursue,
 Shill roared the winds, and dreary was the view.

With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :

“Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,

When first from Schinaz' walls I bent my way !

Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,

The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !

Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,

When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ?

Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ,

Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?

Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear

In all my griefs a more than equal share !

Here where no springs in murmurs break away,

Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,

In vain ye hope the green delights to know,

Which plains more blessed or verdant vales bestow :

Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,

And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around

Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,

When first from Schinaz' walls I bent my way !

Curst be the gold and silver which persuade

Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !

The hly peace outshines the silver store,

And life is dearer than the golden ore

Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,

To every distant mart and wealthy town

Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;

And are we only yet repaid by thee ?

Ah ! why is ruin so attractive made ?

Or why fond man so easily betrayed ?

Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,

The gentle voice of peace or pleasure's song ?

Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,

The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,—

Why think we these less pleasing to behold

Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?

Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schuaz' walls I bent my way!
 O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe
 What if the lion in his rage I meet!
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet,
 And, fearful! oft when day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner, Night,
 By hunger roused he scorns the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train,
 Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell and leads them to their prey

Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schuaz' walls I bent my way!
 At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep
 Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth and dread of death secure,
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find,
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schuaz' walls I bent my way!
 O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zaira will be most undone!
 Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
 When fast she dropped her tears, and thus she said
 'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 Whom Zaira's breaking heart implored in vain,
 Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise,
 Weak and unfelt, as these rejected sighs!
 Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me!
 O let me safely to the fan return,
 Say with a kiss she must not, shall not mourn!

O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recalled by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!"
 He said, and called on heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schnaz' walls he bent his way.

XII.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK,

During his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

BY COWPER.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 O, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage,
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasures untold
 Reside in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell,
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more !
 My friends—do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O, tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there,
 But, alas ! recollection at hand,
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair,
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place
 And mercy, encouraging thought,
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot

XIII

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

BY BYRON

This piece is the only one of this poet's compositions inserted in the present volume. It is so inserted partly on account of its subject, and partly as a fine illustration of the Anapæstic Metre in which it is written.

In the days of Hezekiah, king of Judah, Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, sent a mighty army to besiege Jerusalem, boasting how he had conquered many nations with their idols, and asserting that the God of Israel would also be powerless against him. To punish this blasphemy, God, by an Angel, destroyed the whole army of 185,000 men in one night. This destruction is illustrated in the following poem.

THE Assyrian came down, like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Gahlee

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners, at sunset were seen,
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown

For the Angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed,
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and for ever grew still

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord

XIV.

THE RAINBOW

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The author of the following poem is one of the classical poets of modern times. He is both a poet and a prose writer, but it is in the former character that he is most popular. His poetical works are not numerous or extensive, but are distinguished for their pure taste and choice language, as well as for the spirit of energy and grandeur which pervades them. The chief of these poems are '*The Pleasures of Hope*' and '*Gertrude of Wyoming*'. Both abound with the finest passages of lofty poetry, and noble moral feeling. Amongst the most spirited of the Author's minor pieces are '*Hohenlinden*,' '*Ye Mariners of England*,' and '*The Battle of the Baltic*,' all of which are quoted in this volume. The whole of his poetry may be read with benefit and pleasure.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky

When storms prepare to part,

I ask not proud philosophy

To teach me what thou art

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,

A midway station given,

For happy spirits to alight

Betwixt the earth and heaven

Can all that optics teach, unfold

Thy form to please me so,

As when I dreamt of gems and gold

Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from Creation's face

Enchantment's veil withdraws,

What lovely visions yield their place

To cold material laws!

And yet, fan bow, no fabling dreams,

But words of the Most High

Have told why first thy robe of beams

Was woven in the sky

When o'er the green undeluged earth
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
 How came the world's grey fathers forth
 To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
 O'er mountains yet untrod,
 Each mother held aloft her child,
 To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
 The first-made anthem rang
 On earth delivered from the deep,
 And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,
 Unraptured greet thy beam .
 Theme of primeval prophecy,
 Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
 The lark thy welcome sings,
 When glittering, in the feshened fields,
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy gndle, cast
 O'er mountain, tower, and town !
 Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
 A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
 As young thy beauties seem,
 As when the eagle from the ark
 First sported in thy beam

For, faithful to its sacred page,
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age
 That first spoke peace to man.

XV.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

Mrs SIGOURNEY has been described as "the sweetest of all the American poetesses." Her productions, which are chiefly on Scripture themes, are not only very elegant but full of deep feeling. A small collection of them was published in London in 1834, entitled '*Lays from the West*'

"*Tell me a story, please,*"—my little girl
 Lapsed from her cradle—So I bent me down,
 And told her how it rained, and rained, and rained,
 Till all the flowers were covered, and the trees
 Hid their tall heads, and where the houses stood
 And people dwelt, a fearful deluge rolled
 Because the world was wicked, and refused
 To heed the words of God

But *one* good man,
 Who long had warned the sinful to repent,
 Obed, and love, taught by the voice of Heaven
 Had built an ark, and thither with his wife
 And children, turned for safety—Two and two,
 Of beasts, and birds, and creeping things he took,
 With food for all, and when the tempest roared,
 And the great fountains of the sky poured out
 A ceaseless flood, till all beside was drowned,
 They in their quiet vessel dwelt secure,
 And so the mighty waters bore them up,
 And o'er the bosom of the deep they sailed
 For many days

But then a gentle Dove
 'Scaped from the casement of the Ark, and spread
 Her lovely pinion o'er that boundless wave
 All, all was desolation, chirping nest,
 No face of man, no living thing she saw,
 For all the people of the earth were drowned,
 Because of disobedience

Nought she spied,
 Save wide, dark waters, and a frowning sky,
 Nor found her weary foot a place of rest
 So, with a leaf of olive in her mouth,
 Sole fruit of her dear voyage, which perchance,
 Upon some wrecking billow floated by,
 With drooping wing, the peaceful Ark she sought
 The righteous man that wandering Dove received
 And to her mate restored, who with sad moans
 Had wondered at her absence

Then I looked
 Upon the child, to see if her young thought
 Worned with following mine —But her blue eye
 Was a glad listener, and the earnest breath
 Of pleased attention curled her rose-leaf lip
 And so I told her how the waters dried,
 And the green branches waved, and the sweet birds
 Came up in loveliness, and that meek Dove
 Went forth to build her nest, while thousand birds
 Awoke their song of praise, and the tired Ark
 Upon the breezy breast of Ararat
 Reposed, and Noah, with glad spirit, reared
 An altar to his God

Since, many a time,
 When to her rest ere evening's earliest star
 That little one is laid, she fondly asks
 "The Ark and Dove!"

Mothers can tell how oft,
 In the heart's eloquence, the prayer goes up
 From a sealed lip, and tenderly hath blent
 With the warm teaching of the sacred tale,
 A voiceless wish, that when that timid soul,
 Now in the rosy mesh of infancy
 Fast bound, shall dare the billows of the world,
 Like that exploring Dove, and find no rest,
 A pierced, a pitying, a redeeming Hand,
 May gently guide it to the Ark of Peace

XVI CHILDHOOD.

BY JONATHAN.

SEVERAL ROBERTS was rather of that band of poets that has adorned the literary society of England, during the close of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth centuries. His chief poems are 'The Heroic Age', 'Homer's Life', and 'Italy'. His productions are distinguished by the purest classic taste and the most polished style, though somewhat wanting in energy and fire. Mr. Roberts, while young, of his class, was a wealthy man, and made his wealth the means of assisting the friendless and suffering. He died in January, 1835.

The hour arrives, the moment wished and feared !
The child is born by many a pang endeared,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry,
Oh riant the cherub to her asking eye !
He comes — he clasps him — To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest
Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows,
How soon by his the glad discovery shows !
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy !
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever, to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart,
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

But soon a nobler task demands her care,
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there !

And now the volume on her knee has caught
 His wandering eye, now many a written thought
 Never to die, with many a hisping sweet,
 His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released he chases the bright butterfly,
 Oh he would follow, follow through the sky!
 Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
 And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane
 Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain side,
 Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
 A dangerous voyage, or, if now he can,
 If now he wears the habit of a man,
 Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
 And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
 His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
 And in green letters sees his name arise!
 Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
 She looks, and looks, and still with new delight

Ah! who, when fading of itself away,
 Would cloud the sunshine of his little day!
 Now is the May of Life Careering round,
 Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the ground!
 Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
 When the rich casket shone in bright array,
 'These are my jewels!' Well of such as he,
 When Jesus spake, well might His language be,
 'Suffer these little ones to come to me!'

XVII

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES

BY MISS JANE TAYLOR.

A MONK when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
 In the depth of his cell, with its stone cover'd floor,
 Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
 He formed the contrivance we now shall explain.

In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
 And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and grey
 But success is secure, unless energy fails,
 And at length he produced the Philosopher's Scales
What were they you ask you shall presently see
 These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea
 Oh no for such properties wondrous had they,
 That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
 Together with articles small or immense,
 From mountains or planets to atoms of sense
 Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay,
 And nought so ethereal but there it would stay,
 And nought so reluctant but in it must go
 All which some examples more clearly will show
 The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltane,
 Which retained all the wit that had ever been there
 As a weight he threw in the torn scrap of a leaf
 Containing the prayer of the penitent thief,
 When the scull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
 That it bounced like a ball on the roof of his cell
 One time he put in Alexander the Great,
 And a garment that Doircas had made, for a weight,
 And though clad in armour from sandals to crown,
 The hero rose up, and the garment went down
 A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
 By a well-esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,
 Next loaded one scale, while the other was priest
 By those mites the poor widow threw into the chest
 Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
 And down, down the farthing's-worth came with a bounce.
 Again he performed an experiment rare,—
 A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
 Climbed into one scale, in the other was laid
 The heart of a Howard, now partly decayed,
 When he found with surprise, that the whole of his brother
 Weighed less, by some pounds, than this bit of the other

By other experiments (no matter how),
 He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
 A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale,
 Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail.
 A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
 Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.
 A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, ten courtiers, one earl,
 Ten councillor's wigs, full of powder and curl,
 All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
 Weighed less than a few grains of candour and sense :
 A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
 Than one good potatoe just washed from the dirt.
 Yet no mountains of silver and gold would suffice
 One pearl to outweigh, 'twas 'the pearl of great price'
 Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
 When the scale with the soul in so mightily fell,
 That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

XVIII.

THE PROVIDENTIAL CARE OF GOD.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
 How their leaves instruction yield !
 Hark to Nature's lesson, given
 By the blest birds of heaven !
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy
 'Mourn not, fly from doubt and sorrow ;
 God provideth for the morrow !

' Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle than the rose ?
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare
 Than we poor citizens of all ?
 Banns nor hoarded grain have we,
 Yet we carol merrily.
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow :
 God provideth for the morrow !

' One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our humble destiny ;
 One there lives, who Lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall.
 Pass we blithely then the time,
 Fearless of the snare and line,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow :
 God provideth for the morrow.'

XIX.

THE PEASANT IN A SNOW STORM.

BY THOMSON

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
 All winter drives along the darkened air,
 In his own loose revolving fields the swain
 Disaster'd stands, sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
 Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home, the thoughts of he no
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth

In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot which fancy reigned
 His rusted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track and blessed abode of man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild
 Than throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Or covered pits, unfathomably deep,
 A due descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
 Or faithless bogs, of precipices huge,
 Smoothed up with snow, and what is land unknown,
 What water, or the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils
 To check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrong bosom of the dying man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen
 In vain to him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fit blazing, and the vestment warm
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the howling storm, demand their due
 With tears of artless innocence Alas !
 No more his children more shall he behold,
 No friends, no sacred home On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
 And leaves him to the creeping cold
 To rot beneath the snows a stifled core,
 Or to be hurled, and flung in the northern blast

XX

THE MAN ABOVE THIS WORLD

BY DR YOUNG.

DR EDWARD YOUNG, the Author of the '*Night Thoughts*,' was born in 1681 and died in 1765. During all his life he was a great courtier and engaged much in public affairs. It was not till he was nearly sixty years of age, upon the death of his wife, that he began the poem by which his name is so celebrated. This poem contains numerous sublime passages, full of the noblest imagery, on the great subjects of '*Life, Death and Immortality*.' Its various books, however, are unconnected, and its style and manner are very unequal in different parts. This volume contains several of the most admired passages.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies,
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! What higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all then care, the future his
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame, his bounty he conceals
Then virtues vanish Nature, his exalt
Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities,
His the composed possession of the true
Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread,
While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them

A madman's robe, each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness

He sees with other eyes than theirs where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity

What makes them only smile, makes him adore

Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees,

An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.

They things terrestrial worship as divine,

His hopes immortal blow them by as dust

That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,

Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound

Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)

He lays aside to find his dignity

No dignity they find in aught besides

They triumph in externals (which conceal

Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse

Himself too much he prizes to be proud,

And nothing thinks so great in man as man.

Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect

Another's welfare, or his right invade

Then interest, like the lion, lives on prey.

They kindle at the shadow of a wrong,

Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,

Not stoops to think his injurer his foe

Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace

A covered heart then character defends,

A covered heart denies him half his praise.

With nakedness his innocence agrees,

While their broad foliage testifies their fall

Then no-joys end where his full feast begins,

His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.

To triumph in existence, his alone,

And his alone, triumphantly to think

His true existence is not yet begun

His glorious course was yesterday complete

Death then was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

XXI

THE FEUDAL CASTLE

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT occupies a high place among modern poets. The most popular of his poems are '*The Lay of the last Minstrel*,' a story of feudal times, '*The Lady of the Lake*,' which describes the lovely scenery in the Western Highlands of Scotland, '*Marmion*' and '*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.' In these poems the reader is carried away to the ages of chivalry, which are described with great power. The old baronial hall, with its strange inhabitants and customs, the scenery by which it was surrounded, the royal court, the Highland chase, the border foray, the bleak hills and wooded glens, are all so vividly portrayed, that we may fancy the life of our forefathers is passing before our eyes. The exuberant fancy, truthful painting and fertile invention of the poet have made him a deserved and most instructive favourite. No literary writer of modern times was ever so well paid for his productions as Sir W. Scott. Fascinated by the old manners of his Scottish forefathers, he desired to found a family that should possess as lasting a name as any in the records of feudal days. With the profits of his labour, he purchased Estates, built a Mansion, and entertained numerous visitors with princely hospitality. But various circumstances brought him into a debt of no less than £117,000. The whole of this he strove to liquidate by mental labour, but when he had nearly succeeded, his bodily health entirely sank. He died in 1832. His career is a powerful comment on the Scriptural warning, "Seekest thou great things for thyself seek them not."

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
 And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
 And Cheviot's mountains lone
 The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,
 The loop-hole gates where captives weep,
 The flanking walls that round it sweep,
 In yellow lustre shone
 The warriors on the turrets high,
 Moving athwart the evening sky,
 Seemed forms of giant height.
 Then armour, as it caught the rays,
 Flashed back again the western blaze,
 In lines of dazzling light

St George's banner, broad and gay,
 Now faded, as the fading ray
 Less bright, and less, was flung,

The evening gale had reared the power
 To wave it on the Doujon tower,
 So heavily it hung
 The scouts had panted on their search,
 The castle gates were barred;
 Above the gloomy portal arch,
 Tuning his footsteps to a march,
 The wander kept his guard,
 Low humming as he paced along,
 Some ancient Border gathering song

A distant trampling sound he hears—
 He looks abroad, and soon appears—
 O'er Hornelst-hill, a plump of spears—
 Beneath a pennon gay,
 A horseman, darting from the crowd,
 Like lightning from a summer cloud,
 Spurs on his mettled courser proud,
 Before the dark array.

Beneath the sable palisade,
 That closed the castle barricade,
 His bugle-horn he blew,
 The wander hastened from the wall,
 And warned the Captain in the hall,
 For well the blast he knew,
 And joyfully that Knight did call,
 To sewer, squire, and seneschal

“Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
 Bring pasties of the doe,
 And quickly make the entrance free,
 And bid my heralds ready be,
 And every minstrel sound his glee,
 And all our trumpets blow,
 And from the platform, spare ye not
 To fire a noble salvo-shot—

Lord Marmion waits below”—

Then to the castle's lower ward
 Sped forty yeomen tall,
 The non-studded gates unbarr'd,
 Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,
 The lofty palisade unspar'd,
 And let the draw-bridge fall

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
 How fairly armed, and order'd how,
 The soldiers of the guard,
 With musquet, pike, and morion,
 To welcome noble Marmion,
 Stood in the castle-yard,
 Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
 The gunner held his linstock yare,
 For welcome-shot prepared.—
 Entered the train, and such a clang,
 As then through all his tunets rang,
 Old Norham never heard

The guards then morrice-pikes advanced,
 The trumpets flourish'd brave,
 The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
 And thundering welcome gave
 A blythe salute, in martial sort,
 The minstrels well might sound,
 For, as Lord Marmion crossed the court,
 He scattered angels round
 "Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
 Stout heart, and open hand!
 Well dost thou brook thy gallant loan,
 Thou flower of English land!"—

A LANDSCAPE.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN was a native of Wales, born A. D. 1631. He was an artist as well as poet, and wandered over the hills and valleys of his native land, storing materials both for his poetry and his art. His best poem is entitled *Disconsolate Hill*, and displays his poetical taste and his taste in the grouping of its subjects, and in the choice of its

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the eye!
 The mountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody valleys, warm and low;
 The windy summit wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky!
 The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower;
 The town and village, dome and tower,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Ethiopian's arm
 See, on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide,
 How close and small the hedges lie!
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem,
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Eyed through hope's deluding glass;
 As yon summits soft and fan,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear,
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.
 Now, even now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain turf I lie,

While the wanton zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
 While the waters murmur deep,
 While the shepherd charms his sheep,
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
 Search for peace with all your skill,
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor.
 In vain you search, she is not there ;
 In vain you search the domes of care !
 Grass and flowers quiet tread,
 On the meads and mountain heads,
 Along with pleasure close allied,
 Ever by each other's side
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Giongan Hill.

XXIII.

'YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.'

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

YE mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was then grave
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ,
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ,
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ,
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow

XXIV

THE FATHER'S RETURN.

BY MARY HOWITT

The clock is on the stroke of six,
 The father's work is done,
 Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
 And put the kettle on
 The night-wind it is blowing cold,
 'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
 He's stronger than the storm,
 He does not feel the cold not he,
 His heart it is so warm
 For father's heart is stout and true.
 As ever human bosom knew

He makes all toil all hardship, light,
 Would all men were the same—
 So ready to be pleased, so kind,
 So very slow to blame!
 Folks need not be unkind, austere,
 For love has tenderer will than fear

And we'll do all that father likes,
 His wishes are so few,
 Would they were more, that every hour
 Some wish of his I knew!
 I'm sure it makes a happy day,
 When I can please him any way

I know he's coming by this sign,
 That baby's almost wild,
 See how he laughs and crows and stares,
 Heaven bless the merry child!
 His father's self in face and limb
 And father's heart is strong in him

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footstep now
 He's through the garden gate
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait
 Shout, baby ! shout, and clap thy hands,
 For father on the threshold stands

XXV

PROCRASTINATION.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY

Alone he sat, and wept That very night
 The ambassador of God, with earnest zeal
 Of eloquence had warned him to repent,
 And, like the Roman at Diusilla's side,
 Hearing the truth, he trembled Conscience wrought,
 Yet sin allured The struggle shook him sore,
 The dim lamp waned, the hour of midnight tolled,
 Prayer sought for entrance, but the heart had closed
 Its diamond valve He threw him on his couch
 And bade the Spirit of his God depart
 —But there was war within him, and he sighed
 "Depart not utterly, thou Blessed One !
 Return when youth is past, and make my soul
 For ever thine "

With kindling brow he trod
 The haunts of pleasure, while the viol's voice,
 And Beauty's smile, his joyous pulses woke
 To love he knelt, and on his brow she hung
 Her freshest myrtle-wreath —For gold he sought,
 And winged Wealth indulged him, till the world
 Pronounced him happy Manhood's vigorous prime
 Swelled to its climax, and his busy days
 And restless nights swept like a tide away
 Care struck deep root around him, and each shoot,

Still striking earthward, like the Indian tree.
Shut out with woven shades the eve of Heaven,
When, lo! a message from the Crucified—

“Look unto me and live” Pausing he spake
Of weariness, and haste and want of time,
And duty to his children and besought
A longer space to do the work of heaven

God spake again, when Age had shed its snows
On his wan temples and the palsied hand
Shrank from gold-gathering But the rigid charm
Of habit bound him, and he still implored
A more convenient season .—

“See my step
Is firm and free—my unquenched eye delights
To view this pleasant world, and live with me
May last for many years In the calm hour
Of lingering sickness, I can better fit
For vast eternity”

Disease approached,
And Reason fled The maniac strove with Death,
And grappled like a fiend, with shrieks and cries
Till darkness smote his eye-balls, and thick veils
Closed in around his heart-strings The poor clay
Lay vanquished and distorted But the soul—
The soul, whose promised season never came
To hearken to its Maker's call, had gone
To weigh his sufferance with its own abuse,
And bide the audit

XXVI

CONSCIENCE

BY DR. JOHNSON

O treacherous Conscience! while she seems to stand
On rose and myrtle lulled with siren songs

While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite the slackened rein,
 And give us up to license, unrecalled,
 Unmarked,—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen
 She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
 A watchful foe! The formidable spy,
 Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp,
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal
 Their doomsday-book from all-consuming hens;
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable time,
 Unnoted, notes each moment mis-applied,
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
 Writes our whole history, which Death shall read
 In every pale delinquent's private ear,
 And Judgment publish, publish to more worlds
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound
 Lorenzo, such that sleeper in thy breast!
 Such is her slumber, and her vengeance such
 For slighted counsel—such thy future peace!
 And thinkest thou still thou canst be wise too soon?

But why on time so lavish is my song?
 On this great theme, kind Nature keeps a school,
 To teach her sons herself—Each night we die,
 Each morn are born anew, each day a life!
 And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
 Sure vice must butcher—O what heaps of slain
 Cry out for vengeance on us! Time destroyed
 Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt!
 Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
 Hell threatens—all exerts, in effort, all,

More than creation labours !—labours more ?
 And is there in creation, what, amidst
 This tumult universal, winged despatch,
 And aident energy, supinely yawns?—
 Man sleeps, and man alone, and man whose fate,
 Fate inevitable, entire, extreme,
 Endless, han-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
 A moment trembles, drops ! and man, for whom
 All else is in alarm, man the sole cause
 Of this surrounding storm ! and yet he sleeps,
 As the storm locked to rest — Throw years away ?
 Throw empires, and be blameless Moments seize,
 Heaven's on then wing a moment we may wish,
 When woulds want wealth to buy Bid day stand still,
 Bid him drive back his car, and re-impoit
 The period past, re-give the given hour
 Lorenzo, more than miracles we want,
 Lorenzo, O for yesterdays to come !

 XXVII

THE THREE WARNINGS

BY MRS THRALE

The Authoress of the following piece was the intimate friend of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, whose anecdotes and letters she published

The tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground,
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
 Death called aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room,
 And, looking grave,—'You must,' says he.
 'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
 'With you' and quit my Susan's side?
 With you' the hapless husband cried;
 'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard'
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared
 My thoughts on other matters go
 This is my wedding day you know'

What more he urged, I have not heard
 His reasons could not well be stronger,
 So death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer
 Yet, calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
 'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell' no more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour
 And farther, to avoid all blame,
 Of cruelty upon my name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several warnings you shall have,
 Before you're summoned to the grave,
 Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve,
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,
 But, when I call again this way,
 Well pleased the world will leave'
 To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented

What next the hero of our tale befel,
 How long he lived, how wise, how well,

How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,

The willing Muse shall tell
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He passed his hours in peace
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,

The beaten track content he trod,
Old time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,

The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood

Half-killed with anger and surprise,

- 'So soon returned!' old Dodson cries
'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest'

Since I was here before
'Tis six and thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore'

'So much the worse,' the clown rejoined,
'To spare the aged would be kind
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings
Which I have looked for nights and mornings,
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages'

'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest,

But don't be captious, friend, at least,
 I little thought you'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable.
 Your years have run to a great length
 I wish you joy, though, of your strength !

'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast !
 I have been lame these four years past '

'And no great wonder,' Death replies
 'However, you still keep your eyes,
 And sure to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms would make amends '

'Perhaps,' says Dodson, 'so it might,
 But latterly I've lost my sight '

'This is a shocking tale, 'tis true,
 But still there's comfort left for you
 Each strives your sadness to amuse,
 I warrant you hear all the News '

'There's none,' cries he, 'and if there were,
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear '

'Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,
 These are unjustifiable yearnings,
 If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,
 You've had your Three sufficient Warnings,
 So come along, no more we'll part ,'
 He said, and touched him with his dart.
 And now Old Dodson, turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale

XXVIII

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Of Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone,
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay then bulwarks on the bune,
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line
 It was ten of April morn by the chime
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath,
 For a time

But the might of England flushed
 To anticipate the scene,
 And her van the fleetest rushed
 O'er the deadly space between
 "Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back —

Their shots along the deep slowly boom.—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shattered sail,
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gloom

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hailed them o'er the wave,
 "Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 And we conquer but to save—
 So peace instead of death let us bring,
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews, at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 To our king"

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose,
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day
 While the sun looked smiling bright,
 O'er a wide and woful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away

Now joy, Old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light,
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that dièd,—
 With the gallant good Riou
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave

XXIX
 GLORY

BY MILTON

For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people's praise, if always praise unmixed ?
 And what the people, but a herd confused
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
 Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the praise ?
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the other,
 And what delight to be by such extolled
 To live upon their tongues, and be then talk,
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise ?—
 His lot who dares be singularly good
 The intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised
 They err, who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide, to overrun
 Large countries, and in fields great battles win,
 Great cities by assault what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,

And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ;
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worshipped with temple, priest and sacrifice ?
 One is the son of Jove, of Maia the other,
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attained
 Without ambition, or violence,
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
 Made famous in a land and times obscure,
 Who names not now with honour patient Job ?
 Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable ?)
 By what he taught and suffered for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffered, if young Africane for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punie rage,
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward

XXX

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

But, see ! look up—on Flodden bent,
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent —
 And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.

Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke
 Not martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march ; then tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come
 Scarcely could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;
 And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air
 Long looked the anxious squires, their eye
 Could in the darkness nought descry

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast,
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears,
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave,
 But nought distinct they see .
 Wide raged the battle on the plain,
 Spears shook, and faulchions flashed again ;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly

Amid the scene of tumult, high
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight,

Although against them come,
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Highlandman,
 And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle,
 Though there the western mountaineer
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broad-sword plied
 'Twas vain — But Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight
 Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle yell
 The Border slogan rent the sky!
 A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
 Loud were the clanging blows,
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
 The pennon sunk and rose,
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered mid the foes.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots, around their king,
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring

Where's now their victor vaward wing,
 Where Huntley, and where Home?—
 O for a blast of that dread horn,
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 That to King Charles did come,
 When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
 When every paladin and peer,
 On Roncesvalles died!
 Such blast might wain them, not in vain,
 To quit the plunder of the slain,
 And turn the doubtful day again,
 While yet on Flodden side,
 Afar the Royal Standard flies,
 And round it toils and bleeds and dies
 Our Caledonian pride!

But as they left the darkening heath,
 More desperate grew the strife of death
 The English shafts in volleys hailed,
 In headlong charge then horse assailed
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their king
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow.
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though bill-men pile the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring
 The stubborn spear-men still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell
 No thought was there of dastard flight,
 Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well.

Till utter darkness closed her wing

O'er their thin host and wounded king-
 Then skilful Sunney's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shattered bands,
 And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did their loss his foemen know;
 Then king, then lords, their mightiest low -
 They melted from the field, as snow,
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disordered, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land,
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage dear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field ;
 Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear
 And broken was her shield.

XXXI.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

BY HORACE SMITH

THESE verses are the production of Mr HORACE SMITH and are "a felicitous compound of fact, humour and sentiment, forcibly and originally expressed" Their writer was one of two brothers, long celebrated in London Society for their lively humour and literary ability The work by which they are best known is named '*The Rejected Addresses*.'

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
 And time had not begun to overthrow
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
 Or which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted Dummy,
 Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune,
 Thou art standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
 To whom should we assign the sphinx's fame?
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Or either pyramid that bears his name?
 Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
 Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
 By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade
 Then say what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played?
 Perhaps thou wert a priest, if so, my struggles
 Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
 Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
 Or dropt a halfpenny in Homer's hat,

Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
 Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
 A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee, if that hand, when armed,
 Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
 For thou wast dead, and buried, and embalmed,
 Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled
 Antiquity appears to have begun,
 Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue

Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,

And the great deluge still had left it green,
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf?

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But pry'thee tell us something of thyself,

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,

We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations,
The Roman empire has begun and ended,

New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pothei o'er thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy private life unfold —
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled —
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh; immortal of the dead!

Impersishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,

Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever ?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our flame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

XXXII

THE VILLAGE PEASANT

BY CRABBE.

THE REV GEORGE CRABBE was born in humble life in an English country town. After receiving a good education he began to practise as a Surgeon, but finding his prospects gloomy, he determined to go to London to push his fortune. After suffering much privation, his genius attracted the notice of Burke, by whose aid he was comfortably established in life. He became a clergyman and for the remainder of his days lived among the poor as a parish minister. He was born in 1754 and died in 1832. His chief poems are '*The Village*,' '*The Parish Register*,' '*Tales in Verse*,' and '*The Borough*.' In these works he describes with great force the character of the English peasants and their mode of life. So exact are his details that he has been called 'Nature's sternest poet, but the best.' We do not find in his writings, those fanciful descriptions of rural life in which some poets indulge but we read of human nature as it really is, its follies, weaknesses, its hard trials, its vices and its misery.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene,
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace,
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved.
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,

And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind
 Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
 And gave allowance, where he needed none,
 Good he refused with future ill to buy,
 Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh
 A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
 No envy stung, no jealousy distressed,
 Yet was he far from stoic pride removed,
 He felt humanely, and he warmly loved.
 I marked his action when his infant died,
 And his old neighbour for offence was tried.
 The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
 Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak
 If pride were his, 'twas not then vulgar pride,
 Who, in their base contempt, the great deride,
 Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
 If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
 Not pride in rustic skill, although we knew
 None his superior, and his equals few,
 But if that spirit in his soul had place,
 It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace
 A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
 In sturdy boys to virtuous labours tamed;
 Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
 And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast,
 Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
 In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride

He had no party's rage, no sectary's whim;
 Christian and countryman was all with him,
 True to his church he came, no Sunday shower
 Kept him at home in that important hour;
 Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
 By the strong glare of their new light direct
 "On hope in mine own sober light I gaze,
 But should be blind and lose it in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
 Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
 Isaac then wants would soothe, his own would hide,
 And feel in that his comfort and his pride.
 I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
 I see no more those white locks thinly spread
 Round the bald polish of that honoured head.
 No more that awful glance on playful wight,
 Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
 To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
 Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile,
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
 Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there,
 But he is blessed, and I lament no more,
 A wise good man contented to be poor.

XXXIII

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

BY MILTON

JOHN MILTON the Author of the immortal 'PARADISE LOST,' was born in London in December, 1608. Like his father, he early exhibited a taste for music, and was well skilled in that delightful art. He was so carefully educated that he became an accomplished student when yet a boy, and having entered the University of Cambridge, greatly distinguished himself as a classical scholar. While at College, and only in his twenty-first year, he wrote the '*Hymn on the Nativity*,' '*Lycidas*' and '*Comus*' followed shortly after, and were succeeded by '*L'Allegro*' and '*Il Penseroso*.' Milton like other poets of his age, travelled in Italy and France, where he beheld, and was much impressed by the great models, both of painting and sculpture found there. On his return to England, he engaged in the great controversy which preceded the civil war under Charles I., and on the King's death received the office of Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth. His prose writings, in both Latin and English, make a large Volume and exhibit the greatest learning. In 1658, six years after he had become totally blind, he began his great poem, '*Paradise Lost*.' The subject had long been chosen by him as a theme for poesy, but the epic poem was the form in which he finally embodied it. Milton died in 1674. His name stands the highest among English writers. "His minor poems alone would

have rendered his name immortal, but there still wanted his great epic to complete the measure of his fame and the glory of his country."

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside , and here with us to be,

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God ?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heaven by the sun's team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,

And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ,
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel chon,

From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child

All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ,
Nature in awe to him

Had doffed her gawdy tium,

With her great Master so to sympathize
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle an

To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,

The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;

She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around

The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood,

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,

Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in stedfast gaze,

Bending 'one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new enlightened word no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axle-tree, could bear

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ,
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below ,
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep

When such music sweet
Then hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-faced night arrayed,
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn chon,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Har

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

Ring out, ye crystal Spheres,
Once bless our human ears,

(If ye have power to touch our senses e'er)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,

And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony

For, if such holy song
 Inwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
 And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
 And Hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orbed in a rainbow, and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
 And Heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall

But wisest Fate says, No,
 This must not yet be so ;
 The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss ,
 So both himself and us to glorify
 Yet first to those ychained in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the
 deep,

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbake,
 The aged Earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake ,
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins, for, from this happy day,
The old Dragon, under ground,
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,
In urns, and altars round,
A dead and dying sound

Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint,
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat

Peor and Baalim

Forsake their temples dim,

With that twice battered God of Palestine ;

And mooned Ashtaroth,

Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;

The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,

In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn

And sullen Moloch, fled,

Hath left in shadows dread

His burning idol all of blackest hue ;

In vain with cymbals' ring

They call the gusly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;

The brutish gods of Nile as fast,

Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen

In Memphian grove or green,

Tiampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud :

Nor can he be at rest

Within his sacred chest,

Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ,

In vain with timbrelled anthems dark

The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land

The dreaded Infant's hand,

The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye ,

Nor all the gods beside

Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine

Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,

Can in his swaddling-bands control the damned crew.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted Fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving then moon-loved maze

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending.
 Heaven's youngest teemed star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

XXXIV

VIEW OF EDINBURGH.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EARLY they took Dun-Edin's road,
 And I could trace each step they trode;
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone
 Lies on the path to me unknown
 Much might it boast of storied lore;
 But, passing such digression o'er,
 Suffice it, that their route was laid
 Across the fuzzy hills of Braid.
 They passed the glen and scanty rill,
 And climbed the opposing bank, until
 They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,
 Among the bloom, and thorn, and whin,
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,
 O! listed, as I lay at rest,
 While rose, on breezes thin,
 The murmur of the city crowd,
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,
 Saint Giles's mingling din
 Now, from the summit to the plain,
 Waves all the hill with yellow grain ;
 And, o'er the landscape as I look,
 Nought do I see unchanged remain,
 Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.
 To me they make a heavy moan,
 Of early friendships past and gone.

But different far the change has been,
 Since Marmion, from the crown
 Of Blackford, saw that martial scene
 Upon the bent so brown
 Thousand pavilions, white as snow,
 Spread all the Borough-moor below,
 Upland, and dale, and down —
 A thousand did I say? I ween,
 Thousands on thousands there were seen,
 That chequered all the heath between
 The streamlet and the town,
 In crossing ranks extending far,
 Forming a camp irregular,
 Oft giving way, where still there stood
 Some reliques of the old oak wood,
 That darkly huge did intervene,
 And tamed the glaring white with green :
 In these extended lines there lay
 A martial kingdom's vast array.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
 To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
 And from the southern Redswine edge,
 To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge,
 From west to east, from south to north,
 Scotland sent all her warriors forth
 Marmion might hear the mingled hum
 Of myriads up the mountain come
 The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
 Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank,
 And charger's shrilling neigh,
 And see the shifting lines advance,
 While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
 The sun's reflected ray

Thin curling in the morning air,
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare,
 To embers now the brands decayed,
 Where the night-watch their fires had made.
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain,
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
 And due artillery's clumsy car,
 By sluggish oxen tugged to war,
 And there were Boithwick's Sisters seven,*
 And culverins which France had given
 Ill-omened gift! the guns remain
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
 For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed
 When sated with the martial show
 That peopled all the plain below,
 The wandering eye could o'er it go,
 And mark the distant city glow

* These were seven cannon so named.

With gloomy splendour red !
 For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
 That round her sable turrets flow,
 The morning beams were shed,
 And tinged them with a lustre proud,
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
 Where the huge castle holds its stage
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town !
 But northward far, with purer blaze,
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
 And as each heathy top they kissed,
 It gleamed a purple amethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
 Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law ,
 And, broad between them rolled,
 The gallant Firth the eye might note,
 Whose islands on its bosom float,
 Like emeralds chased in gold
 Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ,
 As if to give his rapture vent,
 The spur he to his charger lent,
 And raised his bridle-hand,
 And, making demi-volte in the air,
 Cried, " Where's the coward that would not dare
 To fight for such a land ! "

XXXV

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS HEMANS

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
 They filled one home with glee,
 Their graves are severed, far and wide
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each far sleeping brow,
 She had each folded flower in sight—
 Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
 By a dark stream is laid,
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
 He lies where pearls lie deep,
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
 Above the noble slain
 He wrapt his colours round his breast,
 On a blood-red field of Spain

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned,
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
 The last of that bright band

And parted thus they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they played
 Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth—
 Alas ! for love, if thou wert all,
 And nought beyond, on earth !

 XXXVI.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

BY JAMES MONTGOMFRI

JAMES MONTGOMFRI was lately the chief religious poet of England. He was the son of a missionary, was born in 1771, and died in 1856. Amid the varied engagements of an active life, he contributed some most valuable and popular poems to the literature of his country. His first poem was '*The Wanderer in Switzerland*' '*The West Indies*,' a poem in honour of the abolition of the slave-trade, soon followed. In 1813, he published '*The World before the Flood*,' containing a description of patriarchal life in that period, next '*Greenland*,' a poem on the early Christian Missions to that country and again '*The Pelican Island*' Besides these he has written numerous minor pieces of poetry, which are exceedingly popular and well-known to English readers. Among them his christian hymns are deservedly celebrated. Several of the shorter poems are quoted in the course of this volume.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thine hand,
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed
 Broad-cast it o'er the land

Beside all waters sow ;
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock

The good, the fruitful-ground,
 Expect not here nor there,
 O'er hill and dale, by plots 'tis found,
 Go forth, then, every where

Thou knowest not which may thrive,
 The late or early sown,
 Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
 When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length

Thou canst not toil in vain
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For garner in the sky

Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God is come,
 The angel-reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry—'Harvest home'

XXXVII

THOUGHTLESSNESS RESPECTING OTHERS.

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
 They, who then thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste,
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death
 And all the sad variety of pain
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame How many bleed
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man
 How many pine in want and dungeon glooms,
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery Sore pierced by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut

Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation joined,
 How many, racked with honest passions, droop
 In deep retired distress How many stand
 Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appalled,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ,
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate ,
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ,
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work

XXXVIII

GELERT'S GRAVE

By THE HON. W R SPENCER

'*Beth Gelert*' or 'The grave of the Greyhound' is a ballad written by the Hon W R SPENCER Little occurred that was notable in the life of its author, and his productions are few.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
 And cheerly smiled the morn ,
 And many a brach and many a hound
 Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
 And gave a louder cheer,
 "Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
 Llewelyn's horn to hear ?

"Oh where does faithful Gelert roam ?
 The flower of all his race
 So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
 A lion in the chase."

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
 The faithful Gelert fed ;
 He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
 And sentinelled his bed

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
 The gift of royal John ,
 But now no Gelert could be found,
 And all the chase rode on.

And now as over rocks and dells,
 The gallant chidings rise,
 All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
 With many mingled cries

That day Llewelyn little loved
 The chase of hart or hare,
 And scant and small the booty proved,
 For Gelert was not there

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
 When near the royal seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied,
 Bounding his lord to greet

But when he gained his castle door,
 Aghast the chieftain stood ,
 The hound was smeared with goutts of gore,
 His lips and fangs ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with wild surprise,
 Unused such looks to greet,
 His favourite checked his joyful guise,
 And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
 And on went Gelert too,
 And still where'er his eyes he cast,
 Fresh blood gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
 The blood-stained covert rent,
 And all around the walls and ground
 With recent blood bespient

He called his child—no voice replied,
 He searched with terror wild,
 Blood, blood he found on every side,
 But no where found the child !

"Hell-hound, by thee my child's devoured,"
 The frantic father cried.
 And to the hilt the vengeful sword
 He plunged in Gelert's side

His suppliant as to earth he fell,
 No pity could impart,
 But still his Gelert's dying yell
 Passed heavy o'er his heart

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
 Some slumberer wakened nigh,
 What words the parent's joy can tell
 To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed between a mingled heap
 His hurried search had missed,
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,
 His cherub boy he kissed !

Noi scratch had he, noi harm, noi dread,
 But, the same couch beneath,
 Lay a great wolf, all toin and dead,
 Tremendous still in death !

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !
 Foi now the truth was clear,
 The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
 To save Llewelyn's hein.

Vain, vain, was all Llewelyn's woe,
 Best of thy kind adieu !
 The fiantic deed which laid thee low,
 This heart shall ever rue.

And now a gallant tomb they raise
 With costly sculpture decked,
 And marble storied with his praise
 Pooi Geleit's bones protect

Here never could the spearman pass,
 Oi forester, unmoved,
 Here oft the tear-bespinkled grass
 Llewelyn's sorrow proved

And here he hung his horn and spear,
 And oft, as evening fell,
 In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
 Pooi Geleit's dying yell !

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old
 And cease the storm to brave,
 The consecrated spot shall hold
 The name of Geleit's grave

XXXIX

THE TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Come to the sunset tree !

The day is past and gone ,
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done
 The twilight star to heaven,
 And the summer dew to flowers,
 And rest to us, is given
 By the cool soft evening hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest !

Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the west,
 And the turf whereon we lie ;
 When the burden and the heat
 Of labour's task are o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at his door.

Come to the sunset tree !

The day is past and gone ;
 The woodman's axe lies free,
 And the reaper's work is done.

Yes ! tuneful is the sound

That dwells in whispering boughs ;
 Welcome the freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows !
 But rest more sweet and still
 Than ever nightfall gave,
 Our yearning hearts shall fill
 In the world beyond the grave.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow,
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy

The combat deepens On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part, where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

XLI

THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

BY ROBERT LLOYD.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
 When birds conversed as well as sung,
 When use of speech was not confined
 Merely to brutes of human kind,
 A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighbouring plain,
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd,
 For geniuses are ever proud —
 He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
 For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow;
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation,
 Oh puss ! it bodes thee due disgrace,
 When I defy thee to the race.
 Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
 I lay my shell upon the trial.
 'Twas done, and done ! All fair ! a bet !
 Judges prepared and distance set.

The scampering hare outstripped the wind,
 The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
 And scarce had passed a single pole,
 When puss had almost reached the goal.
 Friend tortoise, quoth the jeering hare,
 Your burden's more than you can bear,
 To help your speed it were as well
 That I should ease you of your shell.
 Jog on a little faster, pr'y thee ;
 I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.

So said, so done, and safely sure,
 For say what conquest more secure ?
 Whene'er he waked (that's all that's in it)
 He could o'ertake him in a minute
 The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolved to persevere ;
 Still drawled along, as who should say,
 I'll win, like Fabius, by delay ;
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.

The bets were won, the hare awoke,
 When thus the victor-tortoise spoke,
 Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts ;
 You may decide my awkward pace,
But slow and steady wins the race.

XLII. THE EMIGRANT'S HYMN.

BY ANDREW MARVELL

ANDREW MARVELL lived in the middle of the seventeenth century during the reign of Charles II. His poems are few in number, but are mostly of sterling worth. The following hymn refers to the arrival in the Bermuda islands of a band of those emigrants, who in the reign of Charles I. being persecuted on account of their religious opinions, fled to the wilds of North America and there founded the United States of America. The strong regard which they paid to the rights of conscience and which made them so willing to suffer for its sake, distinguishes their descendants to the present day.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song
 " What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own !
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels every thing
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
- Like golden lamps in a green night ,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormuz shows.
With cedars, chosen by his hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 " He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault ,

Which then perhaps, rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !”

Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note ,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

XLIII NIGHT

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time to rest ,
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ,
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems
Blend in fantastic strife ,
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ,
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ,
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought

Night is the time to weep ,
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ,
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
 On ocean's dark expanse,
 To hail the Pleiades, to catch
 The full Moon's earliest glance,
 That brings unto the home-sick mind
 All we have loved and left behind

Night is the time for care ;
 Brooding on hours mispent,
 To see the spectre of Despair
 Come to our lonely tent ;
 Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
 Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
 Then from the eye the soul
 Takes flight, and with expanding views,
 Beyond the starry Pole,
 Descends athwart the abyss of night
 The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ,
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away ,
 So will his followers do ;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ,
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease ,
 Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
 To parting friends . such death be mine !

XLIV.

AN ELEGY,

Written in a Country church-yard.

BY GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY, who stands in the very first rank of English poets, was born in 1716 and spent nearly the whole of his mature life at Cambridge, where he gave himself up to classical studies with great enthusiasm. His poems are few and short, but comprehend some of the most sublime passages in the English language. They are elaborately finished, and are marked with dignity, energetic expression and a fine moral tone. His '*Ode to Eton College*' was published first next the '*Elegy*' and lastly his Pindaric odes, '*The Progress of Poesy*' and '*The Bard*,' which are the finest specimens of that class of odes in English. It is by the '*Elegy*' that he is most generally known, perhaps from its dealing with commonest scenes in the most feeling manner.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw built shed,
 The cock's shrill clamour, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 O! busy housewife ply her evening care
 No children run to hush their mother's return,
 O! clumb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Then furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

'Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 O! flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 O! waked to ecstasy the living lyre

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll,
 Chill penny repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Then lot forbade nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shame of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Then name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires.
 Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps, the dew away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

" There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

" One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

" The next, with dunes due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his faults from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God

XLV.

THE CHAMELEON

BY JAMES MERRICK

THE Author of the following instructive fable was a distinguished classical scholar of the last century His literary compositions are few

OFt has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spawk,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post,
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen;
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times pertier than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travelled fool your mouth will stop
 "But, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know"—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabian's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that,
 Discoursed awhile, 'tween other matters,
 Of the chameleon's form and nature,
 "A stranger animal," cried one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun!
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace! and then its hue —
 Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
 "Hold there," the other quick replied,
 "'Tis green, I saw it with the eye,"
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray;
 Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food."
 "I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue
 At leisure I the beast surveyed
 Extended in the cooling shade."
 "'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye"
 "Green!" cries the other in a fury —
 "Why, do you think I've lost my eyes?"
 "Twere no great loss," the friend replied,
 "For, if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find them but of little use."
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows,
 When luckily came by a third,
 To him the question they referred;
 And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sir," cries the umpire, "cease your pothei,
 The creature's neither one nor t'other.
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candlelight.
 I marked it well 'twas black as jet—
 You stare—but I have got it yet,
 And can produce it " "Pray, Sir, do
 For I am sure the thing is blue "
 "And I'll engage that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green "

"Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him "

He said, and full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo—'twas white!
 Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
 "My children," the Chameleon cries,
 (Then first the creature found a tongue,)
 "You all are right and all are wrong
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you
 Nor wonder, if you find that none
 Prefers your eye-sight to his own "

XLVI

ON A VIEW OF THE SEA FROM ST. LEONARD'S

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
 'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind

Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcome
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !
 Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose
 E'en gladly I exchange yon spring-green law,
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's clang

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs ; Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine,
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in.
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its span,
 Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird
 It is the murmur of the stars, where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament,
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
 Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
 Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
 Of more harmonious dance and play than thine
 How vividly this moment brightens forth,
 Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,
 A belt of hues that strips thee many a league,
 Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
 And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea !
 Chameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
 In all thy change, and constant sympathy
 With yonder Sky, thy Mistress ; from her brow

Thou takest thy moods and wearest her colours on
 Thy faithful bosom, morning's milky white,
 Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve,
 And all thy balmy hours, fair Element,
 Have such divine complexion, crisped smiles,
 Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
 That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
 From thee of old was fabled to have sprung.
 Creation's common ! which no human power
 Can parcel or inclose, the lordliest floods
 And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
 Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
 To thee that couldst subdue the Earth itself,
 And brookest commandment from the heavens alone
 For marshalling thy waves.

Yet, potent Sea !

How placidly thy moist lips speak e'en now
 Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
 So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
 That power and grandeur can be so serene,
 Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
 And rocking even the fisher's little bark
 As gently as a mother rocks her child ?

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
 Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
 On earth's rotundity, and is he not
 A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
 Who sees not or who seeing has no joy
 In thy magnificence ? What though thou art
 Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
 The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
 And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
 To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre !

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
 Is visible, thou hast in thee the life,
 The eternal, graceful, and majestic life
 Of nature, and the natural human heart
 Is therefore bound to thee with holy love

Earth has her gorgeous towns, the earth-circling sea
 Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
 Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
 On wheel or wing The chariot of the land
 With pained and panting steeds and clouds of dust
 Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
 Careeiers with the foam beneath their bows,
 Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
 Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,
 Mooted as they cast the shadows of their masts
 In long array, or hither flit and yond
 Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
 Like spirits on the darkness of the deep

There is a magnet-like attraction in
 These waters to the imaginative power
 That links the viewless with the visible,
 And pictures things unseen To realms beyond
 Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
 When by her tall and triple mast we know
 Some noble voyager that has to woo
 The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge
 The coral groves, the shores of conch and pearl,
 Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
 Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
 And under planets brighter than our own
 The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
 Lit boundless by the fire-fly, all the smells
 Of tropic fruits that will regale her, all
 The pomp of nature, and the inspiring

Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker tints, but where's the element
That chequeis not its usefulness to man
With casual terror? Scathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Then smacking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes, silent as the grave?
Walks not Contagion on the All itself?
I should, old Ocean's Saturnalian days
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe, be loth to sing,
For they are few and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was

Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence, and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun
Quelling from age to age the vital throbb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,
On interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiring winds,
But long as Man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond

The Power of thought to reach, hard after hard
 Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA.

XLVII

THE ORIGIN OF INDIAN CORN.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

THE following extract from 'The Song of Hiawatha,' describes a beautiful legend current among the North American Indians respecting the origin of maize or Indian Corn. It is there attributed to the efforts and self-denial of Hiawatha, one of the mythical heroes of that people. The author is one of the living American poets whose works have proved very popular. In the Song of Hiawatha he has employed as metre the Trochaic Dimeter, and following the fashion of the legends of Finland has introduced into his poem numerous verses containing the repetitions called parallelisms.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
 Prayed and fasted in the forest,
 Not for greater skill in hunting,
 Not for greater craft in fishing,
 Not for triumphs in the battle,
 And renown among the warriors,
 But for profit of the people,
 For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
 Built a wigwam in the forest,
 By the shining, Big-Sea Water,*
 In the blithe and pleasant spring-time,
 In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
 And, with dreams and visions many,
 Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the fourth day of his fasting
 In his lodge he lay exhausted ;
 From his couch of leaves and branches
 Gazing with half-open eyelids,

* The Indian name for Lake Superior.

Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
 On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
 On the gleaming of the water,
 On the splendour of the sunset

And he saw a youth approaching,
 Dressed in garments green and yellow,
 Coming through the purple twilight,
 Through the splendour of the sunset,
 Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
 And his hair was soft and golden
 Standing at the open doorway,
 Long he looked at Hiawatha,
 Looked with pity and compassion
 On his wasted form and features,
 And, in accents like the sighing
 Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
 Said he, "O my Hiawatha!"

All your prayers are heard in heaven,
 For you pray not like the others,
 Not for greater skill in hunting,
 Not for greater craft in fishing,
 Not for triumph in the battle,
 Not renown among the warriors,
 But for profit of the people,
 For advantage of the nations

"From the Master of Life descending,
 I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
 Come to warn you and instruct you,
 How by struggle and by labour
 You shall gain what you have prayed for.
 Rise up from your bed of branches,
 Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
 Started from his bed of branches,
 From the twilight of his wigwam

Forth into the flush of sunset
 Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;
 At his touch he felt new courage
 Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
 Felt new life and hope and vigour,
 Run through every nerve and fibre

Thrice they wrestled there together
 In the glory of the sunset,
 Till the darkness fell around them,
 Till the heron, the Shu-shu-gah,*
 From her haunts among the fen-lands,
 Uttered her loud cry of famine,
 And Mondamin paused to listen

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
 In his garments green and yellow ,
 To and fro his plumes above him
 Waved and nodded with his breathing,
 And the sweat of the encounter !
 Stood like drops of dew upon him

And he cried, " O Hiawatha
 Bravely have you wrestled with me,
 Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
 And the Master of Life, who sees us,
 He will give to you the triumph !"

Then he smiled, and said " To-morrow
 Is the last day of your conflict,
 Is the last day of your fasting
 You will conquer and o'ercome me ,
 Make a bed for me to lie in,
 Where the rain may fall upon me,
 Where the sun may come and warm me ;
 Strip these garments, green and yellow,
 Strip this nodding plumage from me,
 Lay me in the earth, and make it
 Soft and loose and light above me.

* The Indian name of the heron.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
 Let no weed nor worm molest me,
 Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
 Come to haunt me and molest me,
 Only come yourself to watch me,
 Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
 Till I leap into the sunshine ;"
 And, thus saying, he departed.

On the morrow he sat waiting,
 For the coming of Mondamin,
 Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
 Lengthened over field and forest,
 Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
 Floating on the waters westward,
 As a red leaf in the Autumn
 Falls and floats upon the water,
 Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mondamin,
 With his soft and shining tresses,
 With his garments green and yellow,
 With his long and glossy plumage,
 Stood and beckoned at the doorway,
 And as one in slumber walking,
 Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
 From the wigwam Hiawatha
 Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
 Sky and forest reeled together,
 And his strong heart leaped within him,
 As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
 In a net to break its meshes
 Like a ring of fire around him,
 Blazed and flamed the red horizon,
 And a hundred suns seemed looking
 At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
 All alone stood Hiawatha,
 Panting with his wild exertion,
 Palpitating with the struggle;
 And before him, breathless, lifeless,
 Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
 Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
 Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
 Made the grave as he commanded,
 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
 Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
 Laid him in the earth, and made it
 Soft and loose and light above him;
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 From the melancholy moor-land,
 Gave a cry of lamentation,
 Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
 To the lodge of old Nokomis,
 And the seven days of his fasting
 Were accomplished and completed.
 But the place was not forgotten
 Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
 Nor forgotten, nor neglected
 Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
 Sleeping in the rain and sunshine.
 Where his scattered plumes and garments
 Faded in the rain and sunshine

Day by day did Hiawatha
 Go to wait and watch beside it;
 Kept the dark mould soft above it,
 Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
 Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
 Kahgalgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather,
 From the earth shot slowly upward,
 Then another and another,
 And before the Summer ended
 Stood the maize in all its beauty,
 With its shining robes about it,
 And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
 And in rapture Hiawatha
 Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !
 Yes, the friend of man,* Mondamin !"

 XLVIII.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK

FROM THE FRENCH BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The following little poem furnishes an excellent example of the Iambic Tetrameter Catalectic metre. Numerous Anapæstic feet are interspersed throughout it, and add greatly to its spirit.

On ! the old, old clock of the household stock,
 Was the brightest thing and neatest ,
 Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
 And its chime rang still the sweetest
 'Twas a monitor too, tho' its words were few,
 Yet they lived, tho' nations altered ;
 And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
 When the voice of friendship faltered !
 ' Tick, tick,' it said · ' quick, quick, to bed ;
 For ten I've given warning ,
 Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
 You'll never rise soon in the morning !"

* Mondamin is the Indian name of the Maize.

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
 As it stood in the corner smiling,
 And blessed the time with a merry chime,
 The wintry hours beguiling ;
 But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
 As it called at daybreak boldly,
 When the dawn looked grey o'er the misty way,
 And the early air blew coldly ;
 ' Tick, tick,' it said , ' quick, out of bed,
 For five I've given warning ;
 You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
 Unless you're up *soon* in the morning.'

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
 With a tone that ceases never ; .
 While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
 And the old friends lost for ever !
 Its heart beats on, tho' hearts are gone
 That warmer beat and younger ;
 Its hands still move, the hands we love
 Are clasped on earth no longer !
 ' Tick, tick,' it said, ' to the church yard bed,
 The grave hath given warning .
 Up, up, and rise and look to the skies,
 And prepare for a Heavenly morning.'

XLIX.

- THE VOICE OF SPRING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long,
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,

By the primrose stairs in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chesnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly ,

With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay !

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye !—ye are changed since ye met me last ;
A shade of earth has been round you cast !
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !
Ye smile !—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh what have ye looked on since last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year !
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light ;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread ,
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality !—
Are they gone ?—is their mirth from the green hills passed ?
Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last !

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace—
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race !

With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !
But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light !
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell !

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !
For me I depart to a brighter shore,—
Ye are marked by care ; ye are mine no more
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's ; fare ye well, farewell !

L.

DESCRIPTIONS OF ROME AND ATHENS

BY MILTON.

Description of Rome.

THE city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the Earth
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations there the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable, and there Mount Palatine
The imperial palace, compass huge and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires ;

Many a fair edifice besides, more like
 Houses of gods, so well I have disposed
 My aery microscope, thou may'st behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory or gold.
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,
 Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hasting, or on return, in robes of state,
 Licitors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
 Legions and cohorts, tuims of horse and wings;
 Or embassies from regions far remote,
 In various habits, on the Appian road,
 Or on the Emilian, some from farthest south,
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroe, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,
 The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;
 From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;
 From India and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd,
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay;
 To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain
 In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts, and arms,
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the Parthian These two thrones except,
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
 Shared among petty kings too far removed,
 These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
 The kingdoms of the world and all their glory.

Description of Athens.

Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
 Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades :
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
 Trills her thick-waibled notes the summer long ;
 There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages , his who bled
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next.
 There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own .
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight received
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of fate, and chance, and change in human life ;
 High actions and high passions best describing .
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,

Shook the arsenal and fulminated over Greece,
 To Macedon and Ataxerxes' throne
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From Heaven descended to the low-roofed house
 Of Socrates—see there his tenement,—
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools
 Of Academics, old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined.

LI.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

BY ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, one of the most celebrated of English writers, was born in 1672 and died in 1719. Through the patronage of some of the English nobility, he obtained various offices of trust under the government, and even rose to be Secretary of State. His fame and usefulness were not, however, connected with his political life, but with his writings. In early life he gave much attention to poetry, but did not excel in it, though smooth versification characterized his poems, and most striking metaphors occasionally adorned them. It is by his prose writings and especially his splendid essays, that he has attained so high a place among classical English writers. These essays were not only distinguished as compositions, but did much to promote the cause of morality in the age in which he lived.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
 The gratitude declare,
 That glows within my ravished heart ?
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran ;
 Thine aim, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
 It gently cleared my way ;
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face ,
 And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
 My daily thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And, after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For, oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

LII.

HYMN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

BY COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was one of the great philosophers of modern times. He was born in 1772 and died in 1834. Even when very young he was a great reader and remained so till the end of life. He was gifted with very great abilities, but from want of steadiness of purpose, he has produced scarcely any thing equal to what he was capable of. His philosophical works are mostly fragments, and the same is true of some of his poems. He has written many beautiful pieces, some quite original in their character and musical in their language. The chief of them are '*The Ancient Mariner*;' '*Christabel*,' an unfinished poem, '*Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni*,' and several odes. Another poem '*Genevieve*' is one of his most finished productions.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly! but thou, most awful form!

' Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
 How silently ! around thee and above
 Deep is the an and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge ! but when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy .
 Till the dilating soul, enapt, transfused
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest, not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! awake, my heart, awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn

Thou first and chief, sole sovian of the vale !
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they clumb the sky, or when they sink
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald ! wake, O wake and utter praise !
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,

From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?
 And who commanded (and the silence came)—
 "Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?"

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
 And they too have a voice, ye piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God !

Ye lively flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
 Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements !
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Once more, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche unheard
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous mountain ! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base

Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth with her thousand voices, praises God

LIII

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE mother had undressed her child,
 At close of summer's day,
 And laid him in his frolic wild,
 Down at the door to play.

And then on household work intent,
 She left him to his joy,
 And blessed his laughter innocent,
 And blessed her darling boy

An eagle in the zenith hung
 And watched the babe's bright eyes ;
 Then sudden stooped and fiercely sprung
 Upon the beauteous prize.

He seized him by a girdle tied
 Around him loose and free !
 See how they mount and how they ride,
 O'er land and stormy sea.

Awhile he hangs, then speeds his flight
 Swift as the lightning's wing,
 And now upon the sea-rocks' height
 Stands the proud feathered king.

And here he drops the astonished child
 Amidst his own fierce blood
 The rock is rough, the nest is wild,
 And the cliff with bones is strewed.

She comes ! she comes ! the pathless steep
 Cannot her flight deter ,
 She flies, she flies, for the angels keep,
 And the road is smooth for her.

A shepherd had watched the eagle's way
 And told the mother the spot ,
 " Oh kind," she cried, " and in agony pray,
 For mortal can serve him not."

But rapid as light o'er precipice height
 And cavern and cliff and hollow,
 Like an angel she flew, with a footstep tried
 Where the bravest could not follow.

On, on she flew and her fire-bright eyes
 Are fixed on the babe meanwhile ,
 He knoweth her well and his heart doth swell,
 And his lips begin to smile.

She is quivering now, on the precipice brow
 She hath reached the eagle's nest ,
 The wild bird screams, and the lightning gleams ,
 But the baby is on her breast.

She stayed not to look, but her course she took
 All down that perilous road,
 For the seraphim fleet directed her feet,
 And the lightning her pathway showed.

Oh ! a mother's love is the mightiest thing
 That our sinful earth may boast,
 It is swifter by far than the lightning's wing,
 And strong as an angel host.

She is safe, she is safe, and her rescued dove
 Will be dreaming sweet dreams ere long,
 Of a ride above and an angel of love,
 Oh ! an angel swift and strong !

LIV.

THE NEGRO'S VIGIL

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Written for the eve of the first of August, 1834, when all the slaves
 in the English West India Colonies became free.

He to the mountain afar,
 All in the cool of the even ;
 Led by yon beautiful star,
 First of the daughters of heaven
 Sweet to the slave is the season of rest,
 Something far sweeter he looks for to night,
 His heart lies awake in the depth of his breast
 And listens, till God shall say, " Let there be light "

Climb we the mountain, and stand
 High in mid-air to inhale,
 Fresh from our old father-land,
 Balm in the ocean-borne gale.

Darkness yet covers the face of the deep ·
 Spirit of Freedom ! go forth in thy might
 To break up our bondage like infancy's sleep,
 The moment he! God shall say, " Let there be light."

Gaze we awhile from this peak,
 Playing in thought while we gaze ;
 Watch for the dawning's first streak,
 Prayer then be turned into praise
 Shout to the valleys ! " Behold ye the morn
 Long desired, but denied to our sight ,"
 Lo ! myriads of slaves into men are new born,
 The word was omnipotent, " Let there be light "

Hear it ! and hail it ! the call
 Island to island prolong,
 Liberty, liberty, all
 Join in that jubilee song
 Hark ! 'tis the children's hosannas that sing,
 Hark ! they are freemen whose voices unite
 While England, the Indies, and Africa sing,
 Amen ! Hallelujah ! to " Let there be light "

LV

THE ATONEMENT

BY DR. YOUNG.

THOU most indulgent, most tremendous Power !
 Still more tremendous for thy wondrous love ,
 That arms with awe more awful thy commands,
 And foul transgression dips in sevenfold guilt ,
 How our hearts tremble at thy love immense !
 In love immense, inviolably just !

Thou, rather than thy justice should be stained,
 Didst stain the cross, and work of wonders fair
 The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought ! shall I dare speak it or repress ?
 Should man more execrate or boast the guilt
 Which roused such vengeance, which such love
 inflamed ?

O'er guilt (how mountainous) with outstretched arms
 Stern Justice, and soft-smiling Love, embrace,
 Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
 When seemed its majesty to need support,
 Or that, or man, inevitably lost
 What but the fathomless of thought divine
 Could labour such expedient from despair,
 And rescue both ? Both rescue ! both exalt !
 O how are both exalted by the deed !
 The wondrous deed ! or shall I call it more ?
 A wonder in Omnipotence itself !
 A mystery, no less to gods than men !

Not thus our infidels the Eternal draw,
 A god all o'er consummate, absolute,
 Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete.
 They set at odds Heaven's jarring attributes,
 And with one excellence another wound,
 Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
 Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
 Underfied by then opprobrious praise
 A God all mercy is a God unjust

Ye brainless wits ! ye baptized infidels !
 Ye worse for mending ! washed to fouler stains !
 The ransom was paid down the fund of heaven,
 Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
 Amazing and amazed, poured forth the price,
 All price beyond though curious to compute,
 Archangels failed to cast the mighty sum

Its value vast ungrasped by minds create,
 For ever hides and glows in the Supreme.
 And was the ransom paid? It was and paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
 The sun beheld it No, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot - midnight veiled his face;
 Not such as this, not such as nature makes :
 A midnight nature shuddered to behold ,
 A midnight new ! a dead eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown !
 Sun ! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain ? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt
 Which bowed his blessed head, o'erwhelmed his cross,
 Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs ! delivered of her dead ?
 Hell howled , and Heaven that hour let fall a tear .
 Heaven wept, that man might smile ! Heaven bled,
 Might never die ! [that man

 LVI.

THE DYING KAREN

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

"I have to lament the loss of the leader of the little church in this
 quarter, the first of the Northern Karens, who we hope has arrived safe
 in heaven I ought perhaps to except the case of a man and his wife
 near the head of the Patah river, who, though not baptized, and never
 seen by any foreign missionary, both died in the faith *the man en-
 joining it on his surviving friends to have the 'View of the Christian
 Religion' laid on his breast and buried with him*"—Rev Dr Judson.

HE never saw
 The book of heavenly wisdom, and no saint
 Had told him how the sinner could be saved
 But to his hut
 A little *Tract*, a messenger of love,
 A herald of glad tidings, found its way
 Borne over rapid streams, and deep blue lakes
 Embowered in trees, and o'er the waving woods,

Perchance upon the pinions of the breeze,
 At length it came. It was not like the bunch
 Of brittle palms on which he learned to read ;
 Its letters were more nice, its texture fan ,
 Its words —he wondered as he looked on them.
 There was some holy love he never knew ;
 There was a spirit breathing in each line
 He felt unutterable thoughts, as now
 He scanned the whole, now read each wondrous word.
 It told of God the Maker, and of Him
 Who died for man's salvation
 He wept, and prayed, and mourned a wretched life
 Of constant sin ; and gave himself to God.

The hue

Of death was on his cheek. His burning brow
 Told of the pain he felt. Still no saint was near
 To tell of joys to come No man of God
 Stood by his bed to soothe the final hour

But he had peace.

"When I am dead," he saith, "put ye the little book
 Upon my breast, and let it go with me
 Down to my sepulchre. It taught me all
 That I have learned of God, and heaven, and hell.
 I love the man who wrote it, and that God
 Who brought it to my home."

LVII GINEVRA.

IN ROGERS

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To Modena, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
 Within that reverend tower, the Gunlandine),

Stop at a palace near the Reggio-rate
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orm
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee, through their mazes
 Dim at noonday, discovering many a group
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romances,
 And lovers, such as in heroic song,
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight
 That in the spring-time, as alone they sit,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day. A summer sun
 Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
 Enter the house, prithee, forget it not
 And look awhile upon a picture there

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The very last of that illustrious race
 Done by Zampieri, but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it, ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up
 As though she said 'Beware!' Her vest of gold
 Embroidered with flowers, clasped from head to heel,
 An emerald-stone in every golden clasp,
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart,
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken-chest, half eaten by the worm.

But richly carved by Antony of Trent
 With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
 That by the way , it may be true or false ,
 But don't forget the picture ; and thou wilt not,
 When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child , from infancy
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent sue.
 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift, what else remained to him ?
 The young Ginevia was his all in life,
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight ,
 And in the fifteenth year became a bride
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Donna,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour ,
 Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco

Great was the joy , but at the bridal feast,
 When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
 Not was she to be found ! Her father cried,
 ' 'Tis but to make a trial of our love ' '

And filled his glass to all , but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread

'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger
 But now, alas ! she was not to be found ,
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed

But that she was not ! Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk
 Oursini lived, and long mightst thou have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find ; he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile
 Silent and tenantless ; then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
 When on an idle day, a day of couch
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed, and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra
 ' Why not remove it from its lurking place ?'
 'Twas done as soon as said, but on the way
 It burst, it fell, and lo, a skeleton
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold !
 All else had perished, save a nuptial ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both,
 ' Ginevra.' There then had she found a grave !
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy ;
 When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever !

LVIII

MONCONTOUR

A Song of the Huavenot's

BY MACAULAY

The Right Hon THOMAS BARRINGTON MACAULAY is one of the most brilliant writers of the present day. Thirty years ago he was a Member of the Legislative Council of India and resided in Calcutta. His

last work was a most valuable '*History of England*,' from the time of James II. He has written several spirited poems, and in 1842 published his '*Lays of Ancient Rome*'

Oh ! weep for Moncontou. Oh ! weep for the hour,
When the children of darkness and evil had power,
When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God.

Oh ! weep for Moncontou. Oh ! weep for the slain,
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain
Oh ! weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair.

One look, one last look to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers,
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be laid.

Alas ! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearmen of Ull, the shavelings of Rome,
To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain,
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids,
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees,
And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees.

Farewell, and for ever. The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave,
Our hearths we abandon, our lands we resign,
But, Father ! we kneel to no altar but thine.

LIX.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN

BY N. P. WILLIS

THE Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread

Of comers to the city mart was done,
 For it was almost noon ; and a dead heat
 Quivered upon the firm and sleeping dust
 And the cold snake crept pining from the wall
 And basked his scaly circles in the sun
 Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and leapt
 His idle watch, and as his drowsy dream
 Was broken by the solitary foot
 Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
 To curse him for a tributary Jew.

"Twa- noo high no

The dull low murmur of a funeral
 Went through the city, the sad sound of woe
 Unmixed with voices, earnestly
 Up the wide street, along whose pave I lay
 The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
 Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
 And by the crowd that in the burning sun
 Walked with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
 Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
 Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
 His spear point downwards, as the beaver passed,
 Bending beneath their burden. There was one,
 Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
 Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands,
 Followed an aged woman. Her short steps
 Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan
 Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
 As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
 Followed apart, but no one spoke to her.
 She had no kinsman. She had lived alone,
 A widow with one son. He was her all
 The only tie she had in the wide world,
 And he was dead. They could not comfort her
 Jesus drew near to Nain, as from the gate
 The funeral came forth. His lips were pale

With the noon's sultry heat The heaved sweat
 Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
 And simple latchets of his sandals lay
 Thick the white dust of travel He had come,
 Since sunrise, from Capernaum, staying not
 To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
 Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
 Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side,
 To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze
 Gennesareth stood cool upon the east,
 Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
 The weary traveller might hide till eve;
 And on the alders of Bethulia's plain
 The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild.
 Yet turned he not aside, but gazing on,
 From every swelling mount, he saw afar,
 Amid the hills, the humble roofs of Nain,
 The place of his next errand, and the path
 Touched not Bethulia, and a league away,
 Upon the east, lay pleasant Galilee
 Forth from the city came the pitying crowd
 Followed the stricken mourner. They came near
 The place of burial, with straining hands
 Closed upon her breast she clasped the pall,
 And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
 And an inquiring wildness dashing through
 The thin grey lashes of her fevered eye,
 She came where Jesus stood, beside the way
 He looked upon her, and his heart was moved
 "Weep not," he said; and as they stayed the bier,
 And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
 He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
 And laid it back in silence from the dead
 With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
 And gazed on his calm looks A minute's space
 He stood and prayed Then taking the cold hand,

He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast
 Heaved in its elements, and a sudden flush
 Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
 And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
 He trembled and sat upright in his shroud;
 And while the mourner hung upon his neck,
 Jesus went calmly on his way to Nam.

 LX.

THE FALL OF POLAND

IN EXAMPT.

On! Sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
 Her whiskered pandours and her fierce Hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn,
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wath to Poland, and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste or ruin laid,
 "O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country, woe!
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?"
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
 Rise, fellowmen! our country yet remains,
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
 His trusty warriors, few, but undi-mayed,
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm,
 Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply,
 Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to chain,
 And the loud tocsin tolled then last alarm!—

Began to use his minstrel pride
 And, would the noble Duchess deign
 To listen to an old man's strain,
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
 He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
 That if she loved the harp to hear,
 He could make music to her ear

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
 The aged minstrel audience gained
 But when he reached the room of state,
 Where she with all her ladies sate,
 Perchance he wished his boon denied ,
 For when to tune his harp he tried,
 His trembling hand had lost the ease
 Which marks security to please .
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
 He tried to tune his harp in vain
 The pitying Duchess praised its chime
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,
 Till every string's according glee
 Was blended into harmony
 And then, he said, he would full fain
 He could recall an antient strain
 He never thought to sing again.
 It was not famed for village churls,
 But for high dames and mighty eurls ;
 He had played it to King Charles the Good
 When he kept court in Holyrood ,
 And much he wished, yet feared to try,
 The long-forgotten melody

Amid the strings his fingers strayed
 And an uncertain warbling made,
 And oft he shook his hoary head ,
 But when he caught the measure wild,
 The old man raised his face, and smiled ;

And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.
 No more on prancing palfrey borne
 He carolled light as lark at morn,
 No longer courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured to lord and lady gay
 The unpremeditated lay.
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door!
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear

He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Looks out from Yarrow's butchen bower
 The minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.
 With hesitating step, at last
 The embattled portal-arch he past,
 Whose ponderous gate and massy bar
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
 But never closed the iron door
 Against the desolate and poor
 The Duchess marked his wenny pace,
 His timid men, and reverend face,
 And bade her page the menials tell,
 That they should tend the old man well
 For she had known adversity,
 Though born in such a high degree,
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!
 When kindness had his wants supplied
 And the old man was gratified,

And lighted up his faded eye
 With all a poet's ecstasy!
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along,
 The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
 Cold diffidence and age's frost
 In the full tide of song were lost,
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied;
 And while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the LATEST MISERABLE sung.

 LXIII

EVANGELINE

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-
 Pré,
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household-gods, into exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from
 the north-east
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of
 Newfoundland.
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to
 city,
 From the cold lakes of the north to sultry southern swamps,
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
 Father of waters
 Seizes the hills in his hand, and drags them down to the
 ocean,
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
 mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes, and many, despairing,
heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor
a fireside.

Written then history stands on tablets of stone in the
churchyards

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wan-
dered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things

Fan was she and young, but alas! before her extended,

Dirty and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its path-
way

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suf-
fered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and aban-
doned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the western desert is marked by

Camp fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the
sunshine

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, un-
finished,

*As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended

Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever
within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the
spirit,

She would commence again her endless search and endea-
vour,

Sometimes in churchyards staid, and gazed on the crosses
and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in
its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside
him.

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her toiled
 and known him,
 But it was long ago, in some far off place or forgotten
 And thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
 Said with a smile "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh
 within thee!
 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted
 In it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
 refreshment,
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the
 fountain
 Patience, accomplish thy labour, accomplish thy work of
 affection,
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is
 godlike;
 Therefore accomplish thy labour of love till the heart is
 made godlike,
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy
 of heaven!"
 Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and
 waited

 LXIV

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

BY GOLDSMITH

OLIVER GOLDSMITH lived among the great men of the last century. He was born in 1728 and died in 1771. He received a University education, but was very idle and wasteful in his youth. At one time, even in great poverty, he travelled in various parts of Europe, and on his return devoted himself wholly to literature. His poverty long continued, and his habits of extravagance never left him. He has written several approved prose works, among them, *Histories of England, Rome, and Greece*. The style of these works is much admired for its smoothness, elegance and harmony. His chief poems are '*The Deserted Village*'

lage' and 'The Traveller' In this last named poem, he describes the different manners and condition of England, Italy, France and other countries of Europe His 'Deserted Village' is one of the most popular and best known poems in the English language.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain ,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and youthful converse made !
 How often have I blessed the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play ;
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up then sports beneath the spreading tree ,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed ,
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ,
 These round thy bowers then cheerful influence shed ,
 These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village ! loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ,
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way,
 Along thy glades, a solitary goat,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest,
 Amidst thy desert walks, the lapwing flies,
 And tunes their echoes with unvaried cries,
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
 And trembling, shivering from the spider's line,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill takes the land, to listening all a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,
 Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
 A breath can make them, as a breath can make
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Sweet was the sound, when out, at evening tide,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose,
 There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below,
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sang,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering shade,
 And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind,
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made,
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring.
 She, wretched matron! forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn,
 She only left, of all the harmless train
 The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ,
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindness there, and had his claims allowed .
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ,
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ,
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all -
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies ,

He tried each art, reprieved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last halting accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
 Then welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed.
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
 As some tall elm that lifts its awning top,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every tautant knew
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed, with countenanced glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper cuncting round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned

Yet he was kind ; or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ,
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage ,
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge
 In auguring too the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ,
 While words of learned length and thundering sound,
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew
 But past is all his fame . the very spot,
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown daughts inspired,
 Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place ,
 The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ,
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ,
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ,
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay ,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
 Retrieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ,

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling blazes go round.

Yes ! let the rich decide, the proud disdain,
 These simple pleasures of the lowly train :
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art,
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
 Lightly they trolic o'er the vacant marsh,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined -
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the trappings of wanton wealth arrayed,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decor,
 The heart distrustful asks, it this be joy !

LXV

THE HEROISM OF HORATIUS COCLÆS.

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

[Horatius offers to defend the bridge.]

THEN out spake brave Horatius,
 The captain of the gate,
 To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his gods,

And for the tender mother
 Who dandled him to rest,
 And for the wife who nurses
 His baby at her breast,
 And for the holy maidens
 Who feed the eternal flame,
 To save them from false Sextus
 That wrought the deed of shame ?

Hew down the bridge, Su Consul,
 With all the speed ye may,
 I with two more to help me,
 Will hold the foe in play
 In yon strait path a thousand
 May well be stopped by thee.
 Now who will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me ?

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;
 A Ramnian proud was he,
 ' Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
 And keep the bridge with thee '
 And out spake strong Herminius,
 Of Titian blood was he,
 ' I will abide on thy left side,
 And keep the bridge with thee '

' Horatius,' quoth the Consul,
 ' As thou sayest so let it be '
 And straight against that great array
 Forth went the dauntless three.
 For Romans in Rome's quarrel
 Spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife nor limb nor life,
 In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;
 Then all were for the state ;
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great.
 Then lands were fairly portioned ,
 Then spoils were fairly sold ;
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman
 More hateful than a foe,
 And the Tribunes beard the high,
 And the Fathers grind the low,
 As we wax hot in faction, *to of the soul exact*
 In battle we wax cold ;
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought
 In the brave days of old

[The bridge falls and Horatius is alone]

Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad flood behind.
 ‘ Down with him ! ’ cried false Sextus,
 With a smile on his pale face.
 ‘ Now yield thee,’ cried Lars Porsena,
 ‘ Now yield thee to our grace ’

Round turned he, as not deigning
 Those craven ranks to see ,
 Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
 To Sextus nought spake he ;
 But he saw on Palatinus
 The white porch of his home ;
 And he spake to the noble river
 That rolls by the towers of Rome.

'Oh, Tiber, Father Tiber !

To whom the Romans pray ;

A Roman's life, a Roman's arms

Take thou in charge this day !'

So he spake, and speaking sheathed

The good sword by his side,

And with his harness on his back,

Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow

Was heard from either bank ,

But friends and foes in dumb surprise,

With parted lips and straining eyes,

Stood gazing where he sank ,

And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,

All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,

And even the ranks of Tuscany

Could scarce forbear to cheer

[How Horatius was Rewarded]

They gave him of the corn-land,

That was of public right,

As much as two strong oxen

Could plough from morn till night

And they made a molten image,

And set it up on high,

And there it stands unto this day

To witness if I lie

It stands in the Comitium

Plain for all folk to see ,

Horatius in his harness,

Halting upon one knee :

And underneath is written,

In letters all of gold,

How valiantly he kept the bridge

In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
 Unto the men of Rome,
 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
 To charge the Volseian home.
 And wives still pray to Juno
 For boys with hearts as bold
 As his who kept the bridge so well
 In the brave days of old

And in the nights of winter,
 When the cold north winds blow,
 And the long howling of the wolves
 Is heard amidst the snow,
 When round the lonely cottage
 Roars loud the tempest's din,
 And the good logs of Algidus
 Roar louder yet within,

When the oldest cask is opened,
 And the largest lamp is lit,
 When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 And the kid turns on the spit,
 When young and old in circle
 Around the firebrands close,
 When the girls are weaving baskets,
 And the lads are shaping bows;

When the good man mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume,
 When the good wife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

LXVI

BIRDS PAIRING IN SPRING

BY THOMSON

To the deep woods

They haste away, all as then fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety, prompts,
 That nature's great command may be obeyed
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge
 Nesting repair, and to the thicket some,
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Commit their feeble offspring, the cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Then food its insects, and its moss their nests
 Others apart, far in the grassy dale
 On roughening waste then humble texture weave
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms on shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fixed Among the roots
 Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes,
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry through the busy air,
 Beat by unnumbered wings The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent and often from the careless back
 Of herds and flock, a thousand tugging bills
 Steal hair and wool, and oft, when unobserved,
 Pluck from the barn a straw, till soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task

Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
 Though the whole loosened spring around her flows,
 Her sympathising lover takes his stand
 High on the opponent bank, and ceaselessly sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
 With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Then brittle bondage break, and come to light.
 A helpless family! demanding food
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesigning, bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young,
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but joined of generous mould,
 And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast
 In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
 Sustained alone by Providential heaven,
 Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Not toil alone they scorn, exalting love,
 By the great Father of the spring inspired,
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot then woody haunts molest,
 Amid the neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirling thence, as if alarmed, deceive
 The unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the head
 Of wandering swain the white-winged plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
 In long excursion, skims the level lawn
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence

O'er the ough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters pious fraud ! to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

 LXVII.

TRUE AND FALSE WISDOM.

BY ROBERT POLLOCK

ROBERT POLLOCK was the Author of a poem, entitled '*The Course of Time*' and published in the year 1827. He was born in Scotland in 1799, and, having studied in the University of Glasgow, devoted himself to the ministry of the gospel. But the year in which he entered upon it, and in which he published the poem, was the year of his death. '*The Course of Time*' is a religious poem in ten books, descriptive of the spiritual life and destinies of man. It contains passages of splendid imagery and powerfully-drawn descriptions of particular characters among men. In some parts, however, it is heavy and wearisome to read. It is a favourite poem with many readers and has gone through eighteen editions. A few extracts from the poem have been made in this work.

ONE cause of folly, one especial cause,
 Was this. Few knew what wisdom was, though well
 Defined in God's own words, and printed large
 On heaven and earth in characters of light,
 And sounded in the ear by every wind.
 Wisdom is humble, said the voice of God
 'Tis proud, the world replied. Wisdom, said God,
 Forgives, forbears and suffers, not for fear
 Of man, but God. Wisdom revenges, said
 The world, is quick and deadly of resentment,
 Thrusts at the very shadow of affront,
 And hastes by death to wipe its honour clean.
 Wisdom, said God, loves enemies, entreats,
 Solicits, begs for peace. Wisdom, replied
 The world, hates enemies, will not ask peace,
 Conditions spins, and triumphs in them fall.
 Wisdom mistrusts itself and leans on heaven,
 Said God. It trusts and leans upon itself,
 The world replied. Wisdom returns, said God,

And counts it bravery to bear reproach
 And shame, and lowly poverty upright -
 And weeps with all who have just cause to weep
 Wisdom, replied the world, struts forth to gaze
 Treads the broad stage of life with clamorous tread,
 Attracts all praises, counts it bravery
 Alone to wield the sword, and rush on death
 And never weeps but for its own disgrace
 Wisdom, said God, is highest when it stoops
 Lowest before the Holy Throne, throws down
 Its crown, abused, forgets itself, admires,
 And breathes adoring praise — There stoops the sage,
 Indeed, the world replied — There stoops the sage,
 It must, but stoops with dignity, and thus
 And meditates the while of inward worth
 Thus did Almighty God, and thus the world
 Wisdom define — and most the world believed
 And boldly called the truth of God a lie
 Hence, he that to the worldly wisdom shewed
 His character, became the favourite
 Of men, was honourable termed, a man
 Of spirit, noble, glorious, lofty soul
 And as he crossed the earth in chariot of beams
 Received prodigious shouts of warm applause
 Hence, who to godly wisdom framed his life
 Was counted mean, and spiritless and vile,
 And as he walked obscurely in the path
 Which led to heaven, tools hissed with serpent tongue
 And poured contempt upon his holy head,
 And poured contempt on all who praised his name
 But false as this account of wisdom was,
 The world's I mean, it was at best the creed
 Of sober, grave and philosophic men,
 With much research and cogitation named, —
 Of men who with the vulgar scorned to sit.
 The popular belief seemed rather worse

When heard replying to the voice of truth.
 The wise man, said the Bible, walks with God ;
 Surveys, far on, the endless line of life ,
 Values his soul, thinks of eternity,
 Both worlds considers and provides for both
 With reason's eye his passions guards , abstains
 From evil ; lives on hope,—on hope, the fount
 Of faith , looks upward, purifies his soul,
 Expands his wings and mounts into the sky .
 Passes the sun, and gains his Father's house,
 And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss.
 The multitudes aloud replied,—replied
 By practice, for they were not bookish men,
 Nor apt to form their principles in words,—
 'The wise man, first of all, eradicates,
 As much as possible from out his mind,
 All thought of death, God and eternity ,
 Admires the world, and thinks of time alone
 Avoids the Bible, all reproof avoids ,
 Rocks conscience, if he can, asleep , puts out
 The eye of Reason ; prisons, tortures, binds,
 And makes her thus, by violence and force,
 Give wicked evidence against herself ,
 Lets passion loose, the substance leaves, pursues
 The shadow vehemently, but ne'er o'ertakes ,
 Puts by the cup of holiness and joy
 And drinks,—carouses deeply, in the bowl
 Of death , grovels in dust, pollutes, destroys
 His soul is miserable to acquire
 More misery , deceives to be deceived ,
 Strives, labours to the last, to shun the truth ;
 Strives, labours to the last, to damn himself ,
 Turns desperate, shudders, groans, blasphemes and dies,
 And sinks—where could he else ?—to endless woe
 And drinks the wine of God's eternal wrath
 The learned thus, and thus the unlearned would

Wisdom defined. In sound they disagree ! ;
 In substance, in effect, in end, the same ,
 And equally to God and truth opposed—
 Opposed as darkness to the light of heaven.

LXVIII

THE RAVEN

BY EDGAR A. POE

The following allegoric poem is the work of a late American writer. It is eminently distinguished for the manner of its execution, and for the remarkable degree in which the poem is calculated to excite the imagination. It is a fine specimen also of the "Tact of the Poet."

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door
 " 'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow,—vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books succease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
 Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
 before,

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
 repeating,

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
 door—

Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door,
 This it is, and nothing more”

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
 “Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I im-
 plore;

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
 rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
 door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide
 the door,—

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there won-
 dering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream
 before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
 token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
 “Lenore!”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
 “Lenore!”

Merely this, and nothing more

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
 burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window
lattice,
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery ex-
plore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery ex-
plore;—

"Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flutter-
flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the ancient days of
yore.
Not the least observance made he; not a minute did he
stayd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my ear into stealing,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, art
sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the
Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian
shore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber
door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
dooi,

With such name as "Nevermore"

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
pour.

Nothing farther then he uttered, not a feather then he
fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have
flown before—

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden
bore—

Till the dinges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and
bust, and dooi,

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking, what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore,

Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core,

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gleamed
o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gleamed
ing o'er,

She shall press, ah, no more,

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the beat
floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee

[cess!]

Respite—respite and repentance from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind repentance, and forget this loss
Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, it bird or
devil!—

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I im-
plore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, it bird
or devil!

By that Heaven that bends o'er us—by that God we both
adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore?"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor,

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!



LXIX.

THE ENTRY OF CHRIST INTO JERUSALEM.

BY DR. CROLY

THE air is filled with shouts and trumpets sounding;

A host are at thy gates, Jerusalem.

Now is thou van the Mount of Olives rounding,

Above them Judah's lion-banners gleam,

Twined with the palm and olive's peaceful stem,
 Now swell the madder sounds of voice and song,
 As down the hill-side pours the living stream,
 And to the cloudless heaven Ho-mage ring
 "The Son of David comes! the Conqueror, the King!"

The crouched Roman heard, and grasped his battle,
 And rushed in fiery haste to gate and tower,
 The pontiff from his battlement beheld
 The host, and knew the calling of his power;
 He saw the cloud on Zion's glory bare,
 Still down the marble road the myrra-louche,
 Spreading the way with garment, branch, and flower,
 And deeper sounds are mingling: "Woe to Rome!"
 The day of freedom dawns, rise Israel from thy tomb!

Temple of beauty, long that day is done,
 Thy ark is dust, thy golden cherubim
 In the fierce triumphs of the foe are gone,
 The shades of ages on thy altars swim
 Yet still a light is there, though wavering dim!
 And has its holy lamp been watched in vain?
 Or lives it not until the finished time,
 When He who fixed, shall break his people's chain,
 And Sion be the loved, the crowned of God again?

He comes; yet with the burning bolt unarmed;
 Pale, pure, prophetic, God of Majesty!
 Though thousands, tens of thousands, round him swarmed,
 None durst abide the depth divine of eye,
 None durst the waving of his robe draw nigh.
 But at his feet was laid the Roman's sword
 There Lazarus knelt to see his King pass by,
 There Jairus, with his age's child, adored
 "He comes, the King of kings; Hosanna to the Lord!"

LXX

THE COMMON LOT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
 There lived a man . and who was he ?
 Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
 The land in which he died unknown
 His name has perished from the earth.
 This truth survives alone ;

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
 Alternate triumphed in his breast ,
 His bliss and wo, a smile, a tear !
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
 The changing sprits' rise and fall ,
 We know that these were felt by him,
 For these are felt by all.

He suffered , but his pangs are o'er ,
 Enjoyed , but his delights are fled ,
 Had friends , his friends are now no more ;
 And foes , his foes are dead

He loved , but whom he loved the grave
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb
 O she was fair ! but nought could save
 Her beauty from the tomb

He saw whatever thou hast seen ,
 Encountered all that troubles thee ,
 He was, whatever thou hast been ,
 He is, what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
 Sun, Moon, and stars, the earth and main,
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
 That once their shades and glory threw,
 Have left in yonder silent sky
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 Their ruins, since the world began,
 On him afford no other trace
 Than this, there lived a man!

LXXI.

THE SABBATH

BY OLIVIER

The Rev. JAMES GRANT, the Author of 'The Sabbath School', was born in 1765. He spent many years of his early life in the study of the law, but eventually became a clergyman. He was one of the most distinguished poets of Scotland, of which country he was a native. He was a member of the Scottish Academy and occupies among Scottish poets a position of high rank. He is also known among the poets of England. His best known poems are 'The Sabbath School' and 'Sabbath Walks', in which he has celebrated the Sabbath of his country with great fidelity and elevated simplicity. He has also written many other poems, which have been highly valued by his readers in the contemplation of the works of creation, and the lives of those by whom they were made.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
 Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
 The plough-boy's whistle and the milkmaid's song
 The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
 Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
 That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
 Sounds the most faint attract the ear, the hum
 Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
 The distant bleating midway up the hill.
 Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud,

To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
 The blackbird's note comes mellowed from the dale,
 And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
 Waibles his heaven-tuned song, the lulling brook
 Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen,
 While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
 O'er mounts the mist, is heard at intervals,
 The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise

With dove-like wings peace o'er yon village broods.
 The dizzying mill-wheel rests, the anvil's din
 Hath ceased, all, all around is quietness
 - Less fearful on this day, the lumping hare
 Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
 Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
 Unheeding of the pasture, roams at large,
 And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
 His non-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys
 Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day
 On other days, the man of toil is doomed
 To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
 Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
 And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree,
 But on this day, embosomed in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves,
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
 Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace, but reverently,
 With covered face and upward earnest eye
 Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air pure from the city's smoke,
 While wandering slowly up the river side,
 He meditates on Him whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom

Around the roots, and while he thus surveys
 With elevated joy each mental charm,
 He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
 To reach those realm, where Sabbath nears, and

LXXII.

OLD AGE.

BY JOHN G. WHITT.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,

"The few locks that are left you are grey,

You are hale, father William, a hearty old man,

Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,

"I remembered that youth would fly to a,

And abused not my health and my vigour at last,

That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,

"And pleasures with youth pass away,

And yet you lament not the days that are gone

Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,

"I remembered that youth would not last,

I thought on the future, whatever I did,

That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,

"And he must be hasting away,

You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,

Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,

"Let the cause thy attention engage,

In the days of my youth I remembered my God,

And He hath not forgotten my age."

LXXIII

THE PURSUIT AFTER HAPPINESS.

BY POLLOCK.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried
 And awful oit the wickedness they wrought
 To be observed, some scrambled up to thrones,
 And sat in vesture dripping wet with gore
 The warrior dipped his sword in blood, and wrote
 His name on lands and cities desolate
 The rich bought fields, and houses built, and raised
 The monumental piles up to the clouds,
 And called them by their names and, strange to tell !
 Rather than be unknown, and pass away
 Obscurely to the grave, some, small of soul,
 That else had perished unobserved, acquired
 Considerable renown by oaths profane,
 By jesting boldly with all sacred things,
 And uttering fearlessly whate'er occurred,
 * Wild, blasphemous, perditionable thoughts,
 That Satan in them moved, by wiser men
 Suppressed, and quickly banished from the mind.

Many the roads they took, the plans they tried.
 But all in vain Who grasped at earthly fame,
 Grasped wind, nay worse, a serpent grasped, that through
 His hand slid smoothly, and was gone, but left
 A sting behind, which wrought him endless pain.
 For oft her voice was old Abaddon's lute,
 By which he charmed the foolish soul to death.

So happiness was sought in pleasure, gold,
 Renown, by many sought But should I sing
 Of all the trifling race, my time, thy faith
 Would fail, of things erectly organised,
 And having rational, articulate voice,
 And claiming outward brotherhood with man,
 Of him that laboured sorely, in his sweat

Smoking afar, then hurried to the wine,
 Deliberately resolving to be mad ;
 Or him who taught the venomous bird to fly
 This way or that, thereby supremely blest ;
 Or rode in fury with the howling pack,
 Amonting much the noble animal,
 He spurted into such company, of him
 Who down into the bowels of the earth
 Descended deeply, to bring up the wreck
 Of some old earthen ware, which having secured
 With every proper care, he home returned
 O'er many a sea and many a league of land,
 Triumphant to show the marvellous prize ;
 And him that vexed his brain, and theories built
 Of gossamer upon the brittle winds,
 Perplexed exceedingly why shells were found
 Upon the mountain tops, but wondering not
 Why shells were found at all, more wondrous still
 Of him who strange enjoyment took in tales
 Of fairy folk, and sleepless ghosts, and sounds
 Unearthly, whispering in the ear of night
 Disastrous things ; and him who still foretold
 Calamity which never came, and lived
 In terror all his days of comets rude,
 That should unmannerly and lawless drive
 Athwart the path of earth, and burn mankind
 As if the appointed hour of doom, by God
 Appointed, ere its time should come ; as if
 Too small the number of substantial ill,
 And real fears to vex the sons of men
 These, had they not possessed immortal souls,
 And been accountable, might have been past
 With laughter, and forgot, but as it was,
 And is, then folly asks a serious tear.

Keen was the search, and various, and wide,
 For happiness. Take one example more,

So strange, that common fools, looked on amazed ;
 And wise and sober men together diëw,
 And trembling stood , and angels in the heavens
 Grew pale, and talked of vengeance as at hand .
 The sceptic's route, the unbeliever's, who,
 Despising reason, revelation, God,
 And kicking 'gainst the pricks of conscience, rushed
 Delusiously upon the bossy shield
 Of the Omnipotent , and in his heart
 Purposed to deify the idol chance ;
 And laboured hard, oh ! labour worse than nought !
 And toiled with dark and crooked reasoning,
 To make the fair and lovely earth which dwelt
 In sight of Heaven, a cold and fatherless,
 Forsaken thing, that wandered on, forlorn,
 Undestined, uncompassioned, unupheld ,
 A vapour eddying in the whirl of chance,
 And soon to vanish everlastingly
 He travailed sorely, and made many a tack,
 His sails oft shifting, to arrive, dread thought !
 Arrive at utter nothingness ; and have
 Being no more, no feeling, memory,
 No lingering consciousness that e'er he was
 Guilt's midnight wish ! last, most abhorred thought !
 Most desperate effort of extremest sin !
 Others, pre-occupied, ne'er saw true hope ,
 He, seeing, aimed to stab her to the heart,
 And with infernal chemistry to wring
 The last sweet drop from sorrow's cup of gall ,
 To quench the only ray that cheered the earth,
 And leave mankind in night which had no star.
 Others the streams of pleasure troubled, he
 Toiled much to dry her very fountain head.
 Unpardonable man ! sold under sin !
 He was the devil's pioneer who cut
 The fences down of virtue, sapped her walls,

And oped a smooth and easy way to death.
 Traitor to all existence, to all life!
 Soul-suicide! determined too of being!
 Intended murderer of God, most High!
 Strange road, most strange! to seek for happiness!
 Hell's mad-houses are full of such, too fit to be,
 Too furiously insane and desperate,
 To rage unbound 'mong evil spirits damned.

Fertile was earth in many things, not least
 In fools, who mercy both and judgment saw,
 Scorned love, experience scorned, and onward rushed
 To swift destruction, giving all reproach,
 And all instruction, to the winds; not much
 Of both they had, and much despised of both.

LXXIV.

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

BY COLLEY.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oit, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, ranting,
 Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined.
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting mytles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound,
 And as they oit had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for madness ruled the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid;
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made.
 Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings,
 In one rude clish he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.
 With woeeful measures wan Despair
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
 But thou, oh Hope! with eyes so far,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance, hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vales,
 She called on Echo still through all the song,
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung, but with a frown
 Revenge impatient rose;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his

[head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;
 Sad proof of thy distrustful state;
 Or suffering themes the varying song was made,
 And now it counted Love, now Lament called on Fate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired,
 And from her wild requited state,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her plaintive wail,
 And clashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling rannels joined the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled music fell
 Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm dimming,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthful mien,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rang;
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste eyed quail,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their allays green;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial -
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing ·
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love flamed with Mirth a 'gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming an repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

LXV.

THE HERMIT.

BY PARNELL

The following poem '*The Hermit*' is the production of THOMAS PARNELL, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne. He was born in 1679 and died in 1718. He was an accomplished scholar, but is little known in the present day. His poem is a general favourite from the interest of its theme, and the smoothness of its versification.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age, a reverend hermit grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well
 Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose,
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost
 So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
 Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow
 But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find it books, or sages, report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the moor and dale)
 He quits his cell; the pilgrim starts to see
 And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
 Then with the ring sun a journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watch his watchment.

The morn was waited in the public way,
 And long and lone sun was the still to pass;
 But when the southern sun had crossed the dale,
 A youth came posting o'er a country way,
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
 Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
 And "Hail, my son!" the reverend one replied;
 Words followed words, from question passed to doubt,
 And talk, of various kind, deceived the road,
 Till each with other pleased, and both to part
 While in their age they dwell, join in to part.
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun, the changing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with silver grey;
 Nature in silence bid the world repose,
 When near the road a stately palace rose.
 There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
 It chanced the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wandering stranger's home.
 Yet still the kindness, none a thirst of praise,
 Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pan arrive the liveried servants wait;
 Then lord receives them at the pompous gate;
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they down,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down
 At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
 Along the wide canals the zephyrs play
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call
 An early banquet decked the splendid hall,
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
 Which the kind master forced the guests to taste
 Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe,
 His cup was vanished, for in secret guise,
 The younger guest purloined the glittering prize

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glistening and basking in the summer day,
 Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
 So seemed the sue, when, far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner showed
 He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
 And much he wished, but durst not ask to part
 Mumbling he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That generous actions meet a base reward
 While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds,
 A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain
 Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat
 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimproved around,
 Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
 Unkind and grudging, caused a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
 Fifteen rising gusts with sudden fury blew,

The nimble lightning, mixed with shower, fell
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder fell.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
 At length some pity warmed the master's breast,
 ('Twas then his threshold first received their tread,
 Slow creaking turn'd the door with painful ease,
 And hail he welcome in the chimney's grate.
 One frugal faggot light, the night drew all,
 And nature's fervour through the fire-drawn grate
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with scarce more wine,
 (Each hardly granted) served them in both cheer
 And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pilgrim's heart was struck
 In one so rich, a life so poor and dull;
 And why should such, within him else be cradled,
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand wretched fadled?
 But what new marks of wonder soon disclosed,
 In every settling feature of his face,
 When, from his vest, the young companion drew
 That cup the generous landlord owns, till now,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
 The stinted kindness of this church-hill soul!

But now the clouds in any tumult fly;
 The sun emerging opens an azure sky,
 A neshier green the smelling leaves display,
 And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day.
 The weather counts them from their poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
 While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
 With all the travail of uncertain thought,
 His partner's acts without their cause appear;
 'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
 Again the wanderers want a place to lie
 Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
 The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
 And neither poorly low, nor idly great,
 It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
 Content and, not for praise but virtue, kind
 Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
 Then, bless the mansion, and the master greet.
 Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies

“ Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part,
 From him you come, for him accept it here,
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer ”
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talked of virtue till the time of bed,
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
 At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose.
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the closed cradle, where an infant slept,
 And writhed his neck the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasped, and died,
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
 How looked our hermit when the fact was done !
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies ; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues, the country lay
 Perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way ;
 A river crossed the path, the passage o'er
 Was nice to find, the servant trod before,

Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
 And deep the waves beneath them bounding glide
 The youth, who seemed to watch a time to die,
 Approached the circle, gazed, and thrust him in
 Plunging he falls, and rising but his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the knight's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madd' cry,
 "Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech is done,
 When the strange partner seemed no longer gone.

His youthful face grew more warmly sweet,
 His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet,
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air,
 And wings whose colour glittered on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do,
 Surprise, in secret charm, his word suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.

But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
 The voice of music ravished as he spoke

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy love to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne
 These charms succas in our bright region land,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind,
 For this commissioned, I forsook the sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel, thy fellow-servant I
 Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine
 The Maker justly claims that world he made:
 In this the right of providence is laid,
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends."

'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Power exerts his attributes on high ;
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will ;
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
 Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just ,
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust

“ The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ,
 Who made his ivory-stands with goblets shine,
 And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine ,
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost
 The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor,
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And, loose from dross, the silver runs below

“ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod ,
 But now the child half weaned his heart from God
 Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
 And measured back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run !
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee in fits he seemed to go ;
 And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
 But how had all his fortunes felt a rack,
 Had that false servant sped in safety back !

This night his treasured hoap, he meant to 'stow,
 And what a fund of charity would tal!
 Thus Heaven instructs thy mind, thy tri b'et,
 Depart in peace, resign, and -in no more."

On sounding pinnons here the youth 'scaped,
 The sage stood wondering at the rapid flight,
 Thus looked Elsha, when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky.
 The fiery pomp ascending left the voyer,
 The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
 The bending hearse bore a prayer to God,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
 Then, gladly turning, sought his widow's place;
 And passed a life of pity and of grace.

LXXVI.

THE VETERAN TAR

BY W. MOIR.

Mr. Moir was one of the most pleasant conversers, as well as a most accomplished literary of the present day. His { several } have been collected into a small volume

A VETERAN, whom fate compelled
 To make his home ashore,
 Lived in yon cottage on the mount,
 With ivy mantled o'er,
 Because he could not breathe beyond
 The sound of ocean's roar

He placed yon vane upon the roof,
 To mark how stood the wind.
 For breathless days and breezy days
 Brought back old times to mind,
 When rocked amid the shrouds, or on
 The sunny deck reclined.

And in his spot of garden ground,
 All ocean plants were met,

Salt lavender, that lacks perfume, ·
 With scented mignonette ;
 And, blending with the roses' bloom,
 Sea-thistles freaked with jet.

Models of cannoned ships of war,
 Rigged out in gallant style ;
 Pictures of Camperdown's red fight,
 And Nelson at the Nile,
 Were round his cabin hung, his hours,
 When lonely, to beguile.

And there were charts and soundings, made
 By Anson, Cook, and Bligh ;
 Fractures of coral from the deep,
 And storm-stones from the sky ;
 Shells from the shores of gay Brazil ;
 Stuffed birds, and fishes dry

Old Simon had an orphan been,
 No relative had he ·
 E'en from his childhood was he seen
 A haunter of the quay ;
 So at the age of raw thirteen,
 He took him to the sea.

Four years on board a merchant-man
 He sailed, a growing lad ,
 And all the isles of Western Ind,
 In endless summer clad,
 He knew, from pastoral St. Lucie,
 To palmy Trinidad.

But sterner life was in his thoughts,
 When, 'mid the sea-fight's jar,
 Stooped Victory from the battered shrouds,
 To crown a British tar ;
 'Twas then he went, a volunteer,
 On board a man-of-war.

Through forty years of storm and breeze,
 He ploughed the changeful deep;
 From where, beneath the torrid haze,
 The winged fish leap up,
 To where frost rocks the Polar Sea,
 To everlasting deep.

I recollect the brave old man;
 He thinks upon my days
 He comes again, his worn-out feet,
 Striped shirt, and jacket blue;
 His bronzed and weather-beaten face,
 Keen eye, and plantain-green

Yon turren beneath the veteran's head,
 Beneath the threshold tree,
 Far from that spot he could survey
 The broad expanse of sea;
 That element, where he so long
 Had been a rover free!

And lighted up his faded face,
 When, drifting in the gale,
 He with his telescope could catch,
 Far on, a coming sail
 It was a music to his ear,
 To list the sea-men's' wail!

Oft would he tell, how, under Smith,
 Upon the Egyptian strand,
 Eager to beat the boastful French,
 They joined the men on land,
 And plied their deadly shots, intrenched
 Behind their bags of sand;
 And when he told, how, through the Sound,
 With Nelson in his might,
 They passed the Cronberg batteries,
 To quell the Dane in fight,

His voice with vigour filled again !
 His veteran eye with light !

But chiefly of hot Trafalgar
 The brave old man would speak ;
 And when he showed his oaken stump,
 A glow suffused his cheek,
 While his eye filled ; for wound on wound
 Had left him worn and weak

Ten years in vigorous old age,
 Within that cot he dwelt ;
 Tranquil as falls the snow on snow,
 Life's lot to him was dealt ,
 But came infirmity at length,
 And slowly o'er him stealt.

We missed him on our seaward walk :
 The children went no more
 To listen to his evening talk,
 Beside the cottage door ,
 Grim palsy held him to the bed,
 Which health eschewed before.

'Twas harvest time , day after day
 Beheld him weaker grow ,
 Day after day, his labouring pulse
 Became more faint and slow ,
 For, in the chambers of his heart,
 Life's fire was burning low

Thus did he weaken and he wane,
 Till frail as frail could be ;
 But duly at the hour which brings
 Homeward the bird and bee,
 He made them prop him in his couch,
 To gaze upon the sea.

And now he watched the moving boat,
 And now the moveless ships ,

And now the western hills, remote,
 With gold upon their tips;
 As ray by ray the mighty sun
 Went down in calm eclipse.

Welcome as home dead to the host
 Of pilgrim, travel-tired,
 Death to old Simon's dwelling came;
 A thing to be desired;
 And, breathing peace to all around,
 The man of war expired.

LXXVII.

THE BURLAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

BY WOLFE.

The following pathetic and beautiful ode was written by the late CHARLES WOLFE. The author died in early life, leaving behind him two short poems beside it. The poem describes the burial of Sir John Moore, who was killed in the battle of Corunna in the Peninsular War, and was buried in haste, owing to the French army being able to re-attack the English. On the departure of the latter, the English General raised a monument over his grave in the Citadel of Corunna.

Not a drum was heard not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Burton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory!

LXXVIII. CHARITY

BY MATTHEW PRIOR.

MATTHEW PRIOR was born in 1664. Though of humble origin, he received an academic education through the patronage of the Earl of Dorset, by whose influence he was appointed to various offices in the English court. His life was chiefly spent in political duty in Holland, France, and London. He was a favourite of King William III., and in 1698 became ambassador to the court of France. He subsequently sat in parliament and was imprisoned for his political conduct. His poetical works are of various kinds, including odes, epistles, tales, &c. They are all distinguished by great ease and flowing versification.

A Paraphrase of 1 Cor xiii

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounced, or angel sung,

Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or conscience find;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling world;
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
 When Moses gave them miracle and law,
 Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent and kind,
 Were not thy power exerted in my mind,
 Those speeches would end up with idle play,
 That scorn of life would be but wild display,
 A cymbal's sound were better than my voice,
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.

Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and tames the obstinate mind.
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
 And much she suffers, as she merit loves.
 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives.
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gut which God on man bestows,
 Its proper bounds and due restriction knows,
 To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
 And finishing its act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease.
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.
 As through the artist's intervening glass,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass,

A little we discover, but allow
 That more remains unseen than art can show;
 So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve
 (Its feeble eye intent on things above),
 High as we may we lift our reason up,
 By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope,
 Yet are we able only to survey
 Dawnings of beams and promises of day
 Heaven's full effulgence mocks our dazzled sight,
 Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled,
 The Son shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated, sublime, on his meridian throne
 Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy,
 Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
 Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
 Thy office and thy nature still the same,
 Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
 Shalt still survive——

Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confessed,
 For ever blessing, and for ever blessed.

LXXIX.

THE VOYAGE OF MADOC

BY SOUTHEY.

There is an old legend existing, that the first voyage from Europe to America was undertaken in very early times by Madoc, a Welsh Prince, and his followers. On this legend is founded the poem from which the present extract is taken

Not with a heart unmoved I left thy shores,
 Dear native Isle! Oh, not without a pang,
 As thy fair uplands lessened on the view,
 Cast back the long involuntary look!

The morning cheered our out-let, gentle air,
 Curled the blue deep, and bright the summer sun
 Played o'er the summer-noon, when our first
 Began then way.

And they were with it all the day,
 As ever through the raging billows rode;
 And many a tempest's buffeting they bore,
 Then sails all swelling with the eastern breeze,
 Their tightened cordage clattering to the mast,
 Steady they rode the main; the wind did not
 Sing in the shrouds, the squalling waters in
 Before, and frothed and whitened far behind
 Day after day with one unspicing sail,
 Right to the setting sun we held our course,
 My hope had kindled every heart, they blent
 The unvarying breeze, whose unobscuring strength
 Still sped us onward; and they said that Heaven
 Favoured the bold enterprise

How many a time,
 Mounting the mast-tower-top, with eager ken
 They gazed and fancied in the distant sky
 Then promised shore, beneath the evening cloud,
 Or seen, low-lying, through the haze of morn!
 I, too, with eyes as anxious watched the waves,
 Though patient, and prepared for long delay;
 For not on wild adventure had I rushed
 With giddy speed, in some delirious fit
 Of fancy; but in many a tranquil hour
 Weighed well the attempt, till hope matured to fact
 Day after day, day after day, the same,
 A weary waste of waters! still the breeze
 Hung heavy in our sails, and we held on
 One even course; a second week was gone,
 And now another passed, and still the same,
 Waves beyond waves, the interminable sea!
 What marvel, if at length the mariners

Grew sick with long expectance? I beheld
 Dark looks of growing restlessness, I heard
 Distrust's low murmuring nor availed it long
 To see and not perceive. Shame had awhile
 Repressed then fear, till, like a smothered fire
 It burst and spread with quick contagion round,
 And strengthened as it spread They spake in tones
 Which might not be mistaken, they had done
 What men dared do, ventured where never keel
 Had cut the deep before, still all was sea,
 The same unbounded ocean! to proceed
 Were tempting Heaven.

* * * * *

In despairing mood
 I sought my solitary cabin; there,
 Confused with vague tumultuous feelings, lay,
 And to remembrance and reflection lost,
 Knew only I was wretched

Thus entranced
 Cadwallon found me, shame, and grief, and pride,
 And baffled hope, and fruitless anger, swelled
 Within me. All is over! I exclaimed,
 Yet not in me, my friend, hath time produced
 These tardy doubts and shameful fickleness,
 I have not failed, Cadwallon! Nay, he cried,
 The coward fears which persecuted me,
 Have shown what thou hast suffered We have yet
 One hope I prayed them to proceed a day,
 But one day more; thus little have I gained,
 And here will wait the issue, in yon bark
 I am not needed, they are masters there
 One only day! The gale blew strong, the bark
 Sped through the waters, but the silent hours,
 Who make no pause, went by, and, centred still,
 We saw the dreary vacancy of heaven
 Close round our narrow view, when that brief term,

The last poor respite of our hope, we fled.
 They shortened sail, and called, with croaking cry,
 For homeward winds. Why, what poor fools were ye,
 In bitterness I cried, the quest of death,
 Left to the mercy of the elements,
 On the more wayward will of such a throng
 Blind tools and victims of the madest crew?
 Yea, Madoc! he replied, the elements
 Master indeed the feeble power of man!
 Not to the shores of Cambria will they fly,
 Win back their shame and vict'or Hengist's sail.
 Unharm'd the wind hath bled them in vain,
 To aid us, when all human hope was gone,
 Or we shall soon eternally repose
 From life's long voyage.

As he spoke, I saw

The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep,
 And heavily, upon the long low sea,
 The vessel laboured on the labouring sea,
 The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail,
 At fits the sudden gust howled ominous,
 Anon with unrelenting fury raged,
 High rolled the mighty billows, and the blast
 Swept from their sheathed sides the showery foam.
 Vain now were all the seamen's homeward hopes,
 Vain all their skill, we drove before the storm.
 'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
 Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And, with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us. But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements,
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not; to look round, and only see
 The mountain-wave incumbent, with its weight

Of busting waters, o'er the reeling bark -
 Oh ! oh ! this is indeed a dreadful thing !
 And he who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
 Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner !
 Onward we drove, with unabating force
 The tempest raged, night added to the storm
 New horrors, and the moan arose o'erspread
 With heavier clouds The weary mariners
 Called on Saint Cyprian's aid, and I too placed
 My hope on Heaven, relaxing not the while
 Our human efforts

* * * *

Three dreadful days and nights we drove along,
 The fourth, the welcome rain came rattling down
 The wind had fallen, and through the broken cloud
 Appeared the bright dilating blue of heaven
 Emboldened now, I called the mariners
 Vain were it should we bend a homeward course,
 Driven by the storm so far they saw our barks,
 For service of that long and perilous way
 Disabled, and our food belike to fail
 Silent they heard, reluctant in assent ;
 Anon they shouted joyfully I looked,
 And saw a bird slow sailing over-head,
 His long white pinions by the sunbeam edged,
 As though with burnished silver, never yet
 Heard I so sweet a music as his cry !
 Yet three days more, and hope more eager now,
 Sure of the signs of land, weed-shoals, and birds
 Who flocked the main, and gentle airs which breathed,
 Or seemed to breathe, fresh fragrance from the shore
 On the last evening, a long shadowy line
 Skirted the sea, how fast the night closed in !
 I stood upon the deck and watched till dawn.

But who can tell what feelings fill a man's breast,
When, like a cloud, the distant land is seen,
Grey from the ocean. Then so fast the ship
And cleave with rapid oars the shallow sea,
And stood triumphant on another world!

LXXX

THE STORY OF WEB SPINNER.

OF THAT HOUSE

Web-Spinner was a miser old,
Who came of low degree,
His body was large, his face was thin,
And he kept bad company,
And his visage had the red look
Of a black-brown grum,
To all the country he was known,
But none spoke well of him.

His house was seven stories high,
In a corner of the street,
And it always had a dirty look;
When other houses were neat;
Up in his garret dark he lived,
And from the windows high,
Looked out in the dusky evening
Upon the passers by.

Most people thought he lived alone,
Yet many have averied,
That dismal cries from out his house
Were often loudly heard,
And that none living left his gate,
Although a few went in;
For he seized the very beggar old,
And stripped him to the skin.

And though he prayed for mercy,
 Yet mercy ne'er was shown,
 The miser cut his body up,
 And picked him bone from bone
 Thus people said, and all believed
 The dismal story true,
 As it was told to me, in truth
 I tell it so to you

There was an ancient widow,
 One Madgy de la Moth,
 A stranger to the man, or she
 Had ne'er gone there in troth
 But she was poor, and wandered out
 At night-fall in the street,
 To beg from rich men's tables
 Dry scraps of broken meat

So she knocked at old Web-Spinner's door,
 With a modest tap and low,
 And down stairs came he speedily,
 Like an arrow from a bow
 "Walk in, walk in, mother," said he,
 And shut the door behind,
 She thought, for such a gentleman,
 That he was wondrous kind.

But ere the midnight clock had tolled,
 Like a tiger of the wood,
 He had eaten the flesh from off her bones,
 And drunk of her heart's blood !
 Now after this fell deed was done
 A little season's space,
 The burly Baron of Bluebottle
 Was riding from the chase

The sport was dull, the day was hot,
 The sun was sinking down,

When wearily the Baron robed

Into the dusty town

Says he, "I will take a lodging

At the first house I come to."

With that, the gate of Web-Spinner

Came suddenly in view

Loud was the knock the Baron gave;

Down came the churl with gleet

Says Bluebottle, "Good Sir, to what

"I ask your courtesy?

"I am wearied with a long day's chase,"

"My needs are full and hard."

"You may need them all," said Web-Spinner

"It runneth in my mind."

"A Baron am I," said Bluebottle,

"From a foreign land I come,"

"I thought as much," said Web-Spinner

"Fools never stay at home!"

Says the Baron, "Churl, what meanest thou?"

"I defy you, villain base!"

And he wished the while, in his innocent heart,

He was safely from the place

Web-Spinner ran and locked the door,

And a loud laugh laughed he.

With that, each one on the other sprang;

And they wrestled furiously

The Baron was a man of might,

A swordsman of renown

But the Miser had the stronger arm,

And kept the Baron down.

Then out he took a little cord,

From a pocket at his side,

And with many a crafty, cruel knot,

His hand and feet he tied,

And bound him down unto the floor,
 And said, in savage jest,
 "There is heavy work in store for you,
 So, Baron, take your rest!"

Then up and down his house he went,
 Arranging dish and platter,
 With a dull and heavy countenance,
 As if nothing were the matter.
 At length he seized on Bluebottle,
 That strong and burly man,
 And with many and many a desperate tug,
 To hoist him up began

And step by step, and step by step,
 He went with heavy tread,
 But ere he reached the garret door,
 Poor Bluebottle was dead!

Now all this while, a magistrate,
 Who lived in a house hard by,
 Had watched Web-Spinner's cruelty
 Through a window privily

So in he bursts, through bolts and bars,
 With a loud and thundering sound,
 And vowed to burn the house with fire,
 And level it with the ground,
 But the wicked churl, who all his life
 Had looked for such a day,
 Passed through a trap-door in the wall,
 And took himself away.

But where he went, no man could tell;
 'Twas said, that under ground
 He died a miserable death;
 But his body ne'er was found
 They pulled his house down, stick and stone,
 "For a catfist vile as he,"

Said they, "within our quietude
Shall not a death-bell be!"

LXXXI. EVENING IN ENGLAND

BY MISS ANNE KEBLE.

O'er the blank landscape but the stars are set,
And wake the Yule logs to a hush of rest;
While to the Lullaby of our elder hall,
Accustomed meet the white star of peace,
The azure flame from silver censers plays,
Innocuous round the base of household gods;
The snow-white cup, the graceful hand of steel,
And each the fragrant wine, that hitherto has
And views, with social smile, that hitherto has

Then Labour's idle semblance wastes its life;
And o'er the table is the work-day spread
And fairy finger-trace the mimic shadows,
Or knot, or twist, or wind the golden thread,
The silken twine, through many a labyrinth led,
Some trifle weaves, which Beauty gives a name;
And soon, that beauteous form for ever fled,
The slight memorial of a happier day
To grief a melancholy pleasure may convey.

And ever and anon soft voices talk
Of all that busies or delights the ear;
The tended green-house, or the morning walk,
Or volume, chosen solitude to share.
And sparkling glances, playful smiles are there,
And all the enchantment of the Paphian zone
Then breathes the harp a wild and plaintive air,
And feeling blends her soul-dissolving tone,
That melts among the chords, then sweetly thrills alone.

LXXXIII
ON THE WALDENSES.

BY MILTON.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old.
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven Then martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

LXXXIV
THE BEING OF A GOD

BY YOUNG

RETIRE, the world shut out, thy thoughts call home
Imagination's any wing repress,
Lock up thy senses, let no passions stir;
Wake all to Reason, let her reign alone,
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire
What am I? and from whence? I nothing know,
But that I am, and, since I am conclude
Something eternal had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been Eternal there must be.
But what eternal? Why not human race?
And Adam's ancestors without an end?

That's hard to be conceived: since every link
 Of that long chained series leads to God,
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?
 Yet grant it true; no difficulty rises;
 I am still quite out at sea, nor see the source
 Whence earth, and the bright orb of Heaven is
 Grant matter was eternal, still the world
 Would want some other Father: much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their laws,
 Design implies intelligence, and that
 That can't be from themselves or man, that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could I reach to that?
 And nothing greater yet allowed than man,
 Who motion, foreign to the smallest atom,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form a universe of dust.
 Has matter none? Then whence the glorious form
 And boundless flights, from shapeless and repeated?
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply bared
 In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
 It art to form, and counsel to conduct
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Reside not in each block, a Godhead reigns.
 And, if a God there is, that God how great!

LXXXV

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

BY SOUTHER.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was as still as she could be,
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel as steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
 The waves floated over the Inchcape Rock,
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape bell

The good old abbot of Aberbrothock
 Had floated that bell on the Inchcape Rock,
 On the waves of the storm it floated and swung,
 And louder and louder its warning rung

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell,
 And then they knew the perilous rock,
 And blessed the priest of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day,
 The sea-birds screamed, as they wheeled around,
 And there was pleasure in the sound

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
 A darker speck on the ocean green;
 Sir Ralph the rover walked the deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
 It made him whistle, it made him sing,
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the rover's mirth was wickedness

His eye was on the bell and boat,
 Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen a row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go,
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And cut the warning-bell from the float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
 The bubbles arose and burst around,
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the shore
 Will not bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the rover sailed away;
 He scoured the seas for many a day;
 And now, grown rich with plundered stores,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shores.

So thick a haze o'er-spread the sky,
 They could not see the sun on high,
 The wind had blown a gale all day,
 At evening it had died away.

On deck the rover takes his stand;
 So dark it is, they see no land,
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn or the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
 Yonder, methinks, should be the shore,
 Now, where we are, I cannot tell,
 But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong,
 Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
 "Alas! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

SN Ralph the rover tore his hair,
 He beat himself in wild despair,
 But the waves rush in on every side,
 And the vessel sinks beneath the tide.

 LXXXVI

THE ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HIGHER, higher, will we climb,
 Up to the mount of glory,
 That our names may live through time
 In our country's story,
 Happy, when her welfare calls,
 He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
 In the mines of knowledge ;
 Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
 Win from school and college ,
 Delve we there for richer gems
 Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press
 Through the path of duty ,
 Virtue is true happiness,
 Excellence true beauty.
 Minds are of celestial birth,
 Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fireside comforts sit,
 In the wildest weather ;
 O ' they wander wide who roam
 For the joys of life from home.

LXXXVII. LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

BY CAMERLLO.

This poem professed to be a prophecy of the death of Lochiel at the destruction of his house, through the victory of the Jacobites over the English troops over the Pass of Glencoe, in 1746.

WIZARD.

Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
Woe, woe to the rulers that trample them down !
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert thies frantic and far ?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning : no rider is there,
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead.
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of night.

WIZARD.

Ha ! laughest thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?
Proud bud of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north ?

Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad,
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !
 Ah ! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh !
 Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn,
 Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing blood

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan,
 Then swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !
 They are true to the last of their blood and then breath,
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock !
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws,
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clamondal the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their taitan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel ! beware of the day
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal,
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king

LXXXVIII
THE LAST SUPPER.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY

BENOLD that countenance, where grief and love
Blend with ineffable benignity,
And deep, unuttered majesty divine.
Whose is that eye which seems to scan the heart
And yet to have shed the tear of mortal woe?
My Saviour! is it thine?

And is this feast
Thy last on earth?—Why do the chosen few,
Admitted to thy parting banquet, stand
As men transfixed with horror?

Ah! I hear
The fearful reason from that lip divine,
“*One of you shall betray me!*” *One of these?*
Who by THY hand were nourished, heard thy prayers,
Sought for thy teachings, as the thirsty plant
Turns to the dews of summer? *One of these!*

Therefore with deep and deadly paleness droops
The loved disciple, as if life's warm spring
Chilled to the ice of death, at such strange shock
Of unimagined guilt. See, with his soul
Concentered in his eye, the man who walked
The waves with Jesus trembles while he breathes
His dread inquiry. At the table's foot
Up springs the ardent Philip, full of hope
That, by his ear, the Master's awful words
Were misinterpreted. From Matthew's brow
Beams forth that guileless and unsullied youth,
Within whose crystal singleness of heart
Suspicion takes no root. Thaddeus stands
With arm outstretched, as if to vindicate
The flock of Christ, while pointing to the skies

Batholomew the All-seeing Eye invokes
To search his inmost spirit.

All the world
With strong emotion drive, have mortal life is;
By Mammon scared, who, brooding o'er the scene,
Weighs "thirty pieces" with the Son of David.
Son of perdition! dost thou trifle with
In such pure atmosphere? And canst thou hold,
'Neath the cold columns of that Gothic dome,
The burden of a deed, whose very name
Strikes all thy brethren pale?

But can it be,
That the deep power of this soul-harrowing scene
Is the light pencil's witchery? I would quest
Of him who poured such bold conception forth
O'er the dead canvass. But I dare not name
Now of a mortal's praise. Sublimed I stand
In thy meek, sorrowing presence, Son of God,
I feel the breathings of these holy men
From whom thy gospel, as an angel's wing,
Went out through all the earth.

Fain would I kneel
Low at these blessed feet, and slumbering ask,
"Lord, is it I?" For who can tell what drags
Do slumber in his heart? Thou, who didst taste
Of man's infirmity, and find his guilt
Troubling thy sinless soul, forsake us not
In our temptations, but so guide our feet,
That *our last supper* in this world may lead
To that immortal banquet by thy side,
Where there is no betrayer.

LXXXIX

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

, BY MRS. HEMANS

The 'Pilgrim Fathers' were the celebrated Puritans, who fled from England during the religious and civil persecutions of the reign of Charles I., and became in part the founders of the present United States of America.

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Then giant branches tossed ,

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came ;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 On the trumpet that sings of fame

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ,
 They shook the depth of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard and the sea ,
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam ,
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoar, hoar
 Amidst that pilgrim band,
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's heart, & eye,
 But by her deep love's truth,
 There was manhood's brow, & eye, by high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod,
 They had unstained what there they trod,
 Freedom to worship God!

XC.

LADY CLARE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

It was the time when lilies blow,
 And clouds are highest up in air,
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in season
 Lovers long betrothed were they;
 They two will wed the morrow morn,
 God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
 He loves me for my own true worth,
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In then came old Alice the nurse,
 Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
 "It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
 "To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
 "That all comes round so just and fair
 Lord Ronald is hen of all your lands,
 And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
 Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
 "As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
 "I speak the truth, you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
 I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
 I buried her like my own sweet child,
 And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
 O mother," she said, "if this be true;
 To keep the best man under the sun
 So many years from his due"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
 "But keep the secret for your life,
 And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
 When you are man and wife"

"It I'm a beggar born," she said,
 "I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
 Pull off, pull off, the broach of gold,
 And fling the diamond necklace by"

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
 "But keep the secret all ye can"
 She said "Not so but I will know
 If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied

"Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!"

Alas, my child, I cannot for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,

My mother dear, if this be so,

And lay your hand upon my head,

And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a rusted gown,

She was no longer Lady Clare;

She went by dale, and she went by dale,

With a single rose in her hair

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had sought

Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,

And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!"

Why come you drest as a village maid,

That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are.

I am a beggar born," she said,

"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"For I am yours in word, in deed.

Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"Your riddle is hard to read."

Lo, proudly stood she up !

Her heart within her did not fail ;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ,
He turned and kissed her where she stood

" If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, " the next in blood ,

If you are not the heiress born !
And I," said he, " the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

XCI

NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

BY THE REV H. F. LYTE.

The following spirited piece was written in 1840, when it was proposed by the French Government to remove the body of Napoleon from the Island of St Helena to Paris.

DISTURB him not ! he slumbers well
On his rock mid the western deep ;
Where the broad blue waters round him swell
And the tempests o'er him sweep.
Oh ! leave him where his mountain bed
Looks o'er the Atlantic wave ,
And the mariner high in the far grey sky
Points out Napoleon's grave.

There midst three mighty continents
That trembled at his word,
Wrapped in his shroud of airy cloud,
Sleeps Europe's warlike lord.
And there on the heights still seems to stand
At eve his shadowy form ;
His gray capote on the mist to float,
And his voice in the midnight storm.

Disturb him not ! 'Thou bidst him rise,
 That spot is all his own ;
 And true homage was paid him there :
 Than on his hard won throne
 Earth's trembling monarch there sat,
 The caged lion kept ;
 For they knew, with dread, that his name
 Woke earthquakes where he slept.

Disturb him not ! Vain France, thy clime
 No resting-place supplies,
 So meet, so glorious, so sublime
 As that where thy hero lies.
 Mock not that grim and mouldering wall,
 Revere that bleaching brow !
 Nor call the dead from his grave to deck
 A puppet pageant now !

Born in a time when blood and crime
 Raged thro' thy realm it will,
 He waved his hand o'er the troubled land,
 And the storm at once was still.
 He reared from the dust thy prostrate state,
 Thy war-flag wide unturled ;
 And bade thee thunder at every gate
 Of the capitals of the world.

And will ye from his rest dare call
 The thunderbolt of war,
 To gun and chatter round his pall,
 And scream your *Vive la gloire* !
 Shall melodramatic obseques
 His honoured dust deride ?
 Forbid it human sympathies !
 Forbid it Gallic pride !

What will no withering thought occur,
 No thrill of cold mistrust,
 How empty all this pomp and strain
 Above a little dust !
 And will it not your pageant dim,
 Your arrogance rebuke,
 To see what now remains of him
 Who once the empires shook ?

Then let him rest in his stately couch
 Beneath the open sky ,
 Where the wild waves dash and the lightnings flash
 And the storms go wailing by.
 Yes, let him rest ! such men as he
 Are of no time or place ,
 They live for ages yet to be ,
 They die for all then race

XCII.

THE FALLS OF LODORE.

BY SOUTHER.

“ How does the water
 Come down at Lodore ? ”
 My little boy asked me
 Thus, once on a time ,
 And moreover he tasked me
 To tell him in rhyme.
 Anon at the word,
 There first came one daughter,
 And then came another,
 To second and third
 The request of their brother ,
 And to hear how the water
 Comes down at Lodore,
 With its rush and its roar ;
 As many a time

They had seen it before,
 So I told them in rhyme,
 For of rhyme I had lore,
 And 'twas in my vocation
 For their recreation
 That so I should sing;
 Because I was bound to
 To them and the King.

From its source, which all
 In the Tarn on the hill,
 From its fountain,
 In the mountain,
 Its rill, and its gill;
 Through moss, and through brake,
 It runs and it creep,
 For a while, till it sleep,
 In its own little Lake.
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds;
 And away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood-shelter,
 Among crags in its hurry,
 Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-scurry.
 Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling,
 Now smoking and nothing
 Its tumult, and wrath in,
 Till in this rapid race
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

The Cataract strong
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging
 As if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping,
 Swelling, and sweeping,
 Showering and springing,
 Flying and flinging,
 Whirling and ringing,
 Eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around,
 With endless rebound !
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in
 Confounding, astounding,
 Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
 Collecting, projecting,
 Receding and speeding,
 And shocking and rocking,
 And darting and parting,
 And threading and spreading,
 And whizzing and hissing,
 And dipping and skipping,
 And hitting and splitting,
 And shining and twining,
 And rattling and battling,
 And shaking and quaking,
 And pouring and roaring,
 And waving andaving,
 And tossing and crossing,
 And flowing and going,
 And running and stunning,

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and geyding,
And driving and rising and striking,
And sprinkling and tankling and acrobatic,
And sounding and bounding and roving,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and chattering,
Retreating and beating and meeting and chiding,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dashing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling, and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing :
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And in this way the Water comes down at Lodore.

XCIII.

HOME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serene light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air,
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
 While in his softened looks benignly blend,
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend
 Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
 Art thou a man?—a patriot? look around,
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
 In pale Siberia's desolate domains,

Where the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
 Tracks through the deep snows his solitary way;
 The rein-deer's spoil, the crane's strutting pride,
 And teats his fawns on the fat of his side;
 Or, wrestling with the might of raging winds,
 Where round the pole the eternal billows rise,
 Plucks from their jaws the arctic birds of prey,
 Plunging down headlong through the whirling snow;
 — His wastes of ice are lovelier than the flowers
 Than all the flowery vales with which the South
 And dearer far than Cleopatra's palm groves,
 His cavern-shelter, and his cottage, lovelier
 O'er China's garden fields and people's dwellings;
 In California's pathless world of woods,
 Round Andes' height, where Winter reigns alone,
 Looks down in scorn on the summer sun;
 By the gay borders of Bermuda's isle,
 Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles,
 On pure Madaga's vine robe'd hill, or healthful
 In Java's swamps of poisons and wealth;
 Where Babel stood, where woe and wretchedness
 Midst weeping willows, on Bay of Genoa's banks;
 On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream
 Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
 Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
 And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
 Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
 Her subject mountains and dishonoured vales;
 Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
 Around the beauteous isle of liberty;
 — Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

XCIV
THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band ;
Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"
" Not there, not there, my child ! "

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
" Not there, not there, my child ! "

" Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"
" Not there, not there, my child ! "

" Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ,
Sorrow and death may not enter there ,
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there my child ! "

XCV.

THE BELL.

1880.

Hear the bell, the bell,
Silver bell!

What a world of merriment it is,
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the joyous air of night!

While the stars that never sleep

All the heaven is at their feet

With a cry tallied do they

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Ruman rhyme

To the tintinnabulation that so sweetly

From the bell, bell, bell, bell,

Bells, bells, bell —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the molten golden bell,

Golden bell!

What a world of happiness their harmonies tell

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight

From the molten-golden notes

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she glazes

On the moon!

Oh, how out the sounding bells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarm bells—
 Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !

Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale then terror tells
 Of Despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging,
 And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows ,
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—

Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,

Bells, bells, bells,

In the clanger and the clang, clang, clang, clang!

Hear the tolling of the bell,

From bell!

What a world of solemn thought there is in it,

In the solemn of the bell,

How we shiver with delight

At the melancholy measure of the bell,

For every sound that we hear

From the tolling of the bell

Is a gleam.

And the people — oh, the people!

They that dwell up in the sky,

All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in no tolling

On the human heart a stone —

They are neither man nor woman —

They are neither brute nor human —

They are Ghouls.

And their king it is, who tolls;

And he tolls, tolls, tolls,

Rolls

A pean from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pean of the bells!

And he dances, and he yells,

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pean of the bells

Of the bells.

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

XCVI.

IVRY.

BY MACAULAY

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Though thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant
 land of France !
 And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning
 daughters
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
 annoy.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of
 war !
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rabelous,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egiand's Flemish
 spears

There rode the blood of lake Lomam, the curst of our land,
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a traitor in his
 hand

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's conquest in
 flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood,
 And we cried unto the living God, who rubs the traitors out,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour dress
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his helmet crest
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye.

He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was bright and
 high

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from his
 wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our lord the
 King'

'And it my standard-bearer tall, as tall tall will he be —
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody day —
 Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
 of war,

And be your onflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
 Of file, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring col-
 vein

The fiery Duke is picking fast across Saint Anthony's plain
 With all the hushing chivalry of Guelders and Almayne
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies, upon them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
 rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
 white crest,
 And in they buist, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
 star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre
 Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
 his rein
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is
 slain
 Then ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
 gale,
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
 cloven mail
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
 'Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man!
 But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, king Henry, the Soldier of Navarre?
 Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! Matrons of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
 return,
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
 men's souls!
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
 bright!
 Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
 night!
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
 the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
 brave
 Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are,
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curst of our land !
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand .

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's purple
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood .
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour dress ;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gilded crest
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye .
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, ' God save our lord the
King '

" And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall will well he may —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray —
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks
of war,

And be you ouflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre "

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring cul-
verin

The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andrew's plain
With all the hneling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne .
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France, .
Charge for the golden lilies, upon them with the lance !
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
 white crest,
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
 star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.
 Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
 his rein
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is
 slain
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
 gale,
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
 cloven mail.
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
 'Remember St. Bartholomew,' was passed from man to man!
 But out spake gentle Henry, 'No Frenchman is my foe
 Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go'
 Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, king Henry, the Soldier of Navarre?
 Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! Matrons of Lucerne!
 Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
 return,
 Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
 That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
 men's souls!
 Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
 bright!
 Ho! burgheis of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
 night!
 For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
 the slave,
 And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
 brave
 Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are,
 And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

XCVII.
GENEVIEVE.

BY COLCATHOOL

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve,
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed Knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush.
With down-cast eyes and modest grace,
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand ;
 And that for ten long years he wooed
 The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined , and ah !
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone
 With which I sang another's love,
 Interpreted my own

She listened with a fitting blush,
 With down-cast eyes and modest grace,
 And she forgave me that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face

But when I told the cruel scorn
 Which crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain woods,
 Nor rested day nor night ;

But sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once,
 In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright ,
 And that he knew it was a fiend,
 This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death
 The lady of the land ,

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
 And how she tended him in vain—
 And ever to strive to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain,

And that she nursed him in a cave;
 And how his mother went away,
 When on the yellow forest leaves
 A dying man he lay;

His dying words,—but when I recalled
 That tenderest strain of all the duty,
 My faltering voice and pained and harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my quivering Genevieve,
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love and virgin shame;
 And like the murmur of a dream
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stepped aside,
 As conscious of my look she stepped,
 Then, suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace,
 And bending back her head, looked up
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel than see
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears , and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride ;
 Add so I won my Genevieve,
 My bight and beauteous bride !

XCVIII

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

FULL many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
 The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
 From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,
 Suva's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain .
 On either wing their fiery couriers check
 The patched and sinewy sons of Amalek .
 While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
 Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
 Mid blazing helms and buckles rough with gold,
 Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots rolled ?
 Lo, these are they, whom, lords of Afric's fates,
 Old Thebes had poured through all her hundred gates,
 Mother of armies !—How the emeralds glowed,
 Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode !
 And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
 Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore ;
 And, still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
 The priestly sistrum murmured—Victory.
 Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom ?
 Why come ye forth to combat ? Warriors, whom ?
 These flocks and herds, this faint and weary train
 Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain ?
 God of the Poor, the poor and friendless save !
 Giver and Lord of Freedom, help the slave !
 North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,

The circling horns of Egypt's crocodiles,
 On earth's last wave, in thronging thousands,
 Their cloud, and rainbow, and rainbow,
 Mid the light spray, their monster's head,
 Not bathed a foot in the sea's foam,
 He comes, their body round, the river's
 Or the wide waters, left his body's
 And onward tread, the sea's foam,
 In hoars, deep murmurs, from his body,
 And the churning, and the sea's foam,
 The hard wet sand, and the sea's foam.

With limbs that utter, and with his
 Down, down they press, the sea's foam,
 Around them rise, in quivering, and the
 The ancient rocks, the sea's foam,
 And flowers that blush beneath the sea's foam,
 And caves, the sea's foam, the sea's foam,
 Down, safely down the narrow path, the sea's foam,
 The beetling waters storm above their head,
 While far behind retires the sinking day,
 And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
 Or dark to them, or cheerless, came the night.
 Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
 Blazed broad and nerce the brandished sword of God.
 Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave,
 On the long mirror of the rosy wave
 While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
 Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye
 To them alone, for Misraim's wizard train
 Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain.
 Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
 And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
 Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,
 And range unconscious through the ocean's bed,
 Till midway now, that strange and fiery form

Showed his dread visage, lightening through the storm ;
 With withering splendour blasted all their might,
 And brake their chariot-wheels, and mared their coursers'
 flight

"Fly, Misraim, fly!" The ravenous floods they see,
 And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity

"Fly, Misraim, fly!" From Edom's coral strand
 Again the Prophet stretched his dreadful wand
 With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
 And all is waves, a dark and lonely deep—

Yet o'er these lonely waves such murmurs past,
 As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast
 And strange and sad, the whispering surges bore
 The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
 In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!

Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
 The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below,

The mangled limbs of men, the broken car,

A few sad relics of a nation's war

Alas, how few! Then soft as Elm's well,

The precious tears of new-born freedom tell

And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne

The house of bondage, and the oppressor's scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,

In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude—

Till, kindling into warmer zeal, around

The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound

And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,

The struggling spirit throbb'd in Minam's breast

She, with bare arms and fixing on the sky

The dark transparence of her lucid eye,

Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.

"Where now," she sang "the tall Egyptian spear?

"On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?

"Above their ranks the whelming waters spread

"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"
 And every place between, at Minster and,
 From tribe to tribe the martial thanes her host,
 And loud and far their stormy chorus sped
 "Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!"

XCIX.

"IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE."

BY HENRY ARNOLD.

The author of the following poem is a laborer in the vineyard of language and devotion, and appeals for their aid to the readers of this

MEANS, it is good to be here,
 If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
 But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
 Affrighted, he shrinketh away,
 For see, they would pin him below
 In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before,
 Nor knows the soul worm that he nets
 The skin which but yesterday fools could adore.
 For the smoothness it held on the tint which it wore

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
 The trappings which dizen the proud?
 Alas! they are all laid aside,
 And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
 But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain,
 Who hid in their turns have been hid,
 The treasures are squandered again,
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid
 But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
 The revel, the laugh, and the jee! ?
 Ah! here is a plentiful board!
 But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller here

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
 Ah no! they have withered and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied

Unto Sorrow?—The dead cannot grieve,
 Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
 Which Compassion itself could relieve
 Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear,
 Peace! peace is the watch-word, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
 Ah no! for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow!
 Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone
 Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look to the sleepers around us to rise!
 The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled,
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
 Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

THE LAST PLAGUE

111078

No sign of day or night, as I have seen before,
 That day seemed to the past—From east and west
 The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
 Her scenes of gold, of glory, and of bliss,
 When suddenly, alas, for Earth's decay,
 Was wrapped in darkness, and for ever hid
 Up to the throne of God, and for all
 The earth came night, no more to be
 Nature stood still. The sea and rivers stood,
 And all the winds, and every living thing,
 The catracts, that flow against each other,
 Rushed down impetuously, as if at once,
 By sudden rest with all his heavy load,
 Stood still; and beasts of kind stood still.
 A deep and dreadful silence reigned above,
 Hope died in every breast, and on all men
 Came fear and trembling. None to his neighbour spoke,
 Husband thought not of wife, nor of her child,
 The mother, nor friend of friend, nor toe of toe.
 In horrible suspense all mortals stood,
 And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard,
 Rolling in heaven—Revealed in flaming fire,
 The angel of God appeared in stature vast,
 Blazing, and, lifting up his hand on high,
 By Him that lives for ever, swore, that Time
 Should be no more. Throughout, creation heard
 And sighed, all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods,
 Desponding waste, and cultivated vale,
 Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
 Sighed—Earth, arrested in her wonted path,
 As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
 Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.

A universal crash was heard, as if
 The ribs of Nature broke, and all her dark
 Foundations failed ; and deadly paleness sat
 On every face of man, and every heart
 Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote
 None spoke, none stirred, none wept , for horror held
 All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
 Again, o'er all the nations silence fell
 And, in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
 That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
 And walked with penetration keen, through all
 The abodes of men, another angel stood,
 And blew the trump of God Awake, ye dead,
 Be changed, ye living, and put on the garb
 Of immortality. Awake, arise !
 The God of judgment comes ! This said the voice,
 And Silence, from eternity that slept
 Beyond the sphere of the creating Word,
 And all the noise of time, awakened, heard
 Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
 Her regions of despan , the ear of Death
 Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
 Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled , and all
 The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending, had leaned,
 Crazy and frail, or sat, benumbed with age,
 In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
 Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs,
 New vigour flow , the wrinkled face grew smooth ,
 Upon the head, that time had razored bare,
 Rose bushy locks , and as his son in prime
 Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
 Changing herself, the mother saw her son
 Grow up, and suddenly put on the form
 Of manhood , and the wretch, that begging sat,
 Limbless, deformed, at corner of the way,

Unmindful of his clutch, in joint and limb,
 Aro e complete, and he, that on the bed
 Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distempers,
 Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt go
 The tide of life and vigour rushing back;
 And looking up, beheld his weeping wife,
 And daughter told that o'er him, benighted,
 To close his eyes. The nautic maiden, too,
 In whose confused brain reason had lost
 Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
 Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
 The newly sheeted corpse arose, and stared
 On those who dressed it; and the coffin'd dead,
 That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
 And mingled with their friends; and armies, who
 The trumpet surprised, met in the furious shock
 Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
 Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks
 Return the stream of life in healthy flow,
 And as the anatomist, with all his band
 Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
 And impolitely hewed his way, through bones
 And muscles of the sacred human form,
 Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze,
 The mysteries of nature, joint embraced
 His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
 And suddenly the injured man awoke,
 Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete
 In immortality—forgiving scarce,
 The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished for by the good,
 Of universal Jubilee to all

The sons of bondage from the oppressor's hand
 The scourge of violence fell, and from his back,
 Healed of its stripes, the burden of the slave

The youth of great religious soul, who sat
 Retired in voluntary loneliness,
 In reverie extravagant now wrapped,
 Or poring now on book of ancient date,
 With filial awe, and dipping oft his pen
 To write immortal things ; to pleasure deaf,
 And joys of common men, working his way
 With mighty energy, not unimpeded,
 Through all the mines of thought, reckless of pain,
 And weariness, and wasted health, the scoff
 Of Pride, or growl of Envy's hellish brood
 While Fancy, voyaged far beyond the bounds
 Of years revealed, heard many a future age,
 With commendation loud, repeat his name,—
 False prophetess! the day of change was come,—
 Behind the shadow of eternity
 He saw his visions set of earthly fame,
 For ever set ; nor sighed, while through his veins,
 In lighter current, ran immortal life,
 His form renewed to undecaying health,
 To undecaying health, his soul, erewhile
 Not tuned amiss to God's eternal praise.

All men in field and city, by the way,
 On land or sea, lolling in gorgeous hall,
 Or plying at the oar, crawling in rags
 Obscure, or dazzling in embroidered gold ;
 Alone, in companies, at home, abroad ;
 In wanton merriment surprised and taken,
 Or kneeling reverently in act of prayer,
 Or cursing recklessly, or uttering lies,
 Or lapping greedily, from slander's cup,
 The blood of reputation, or between
 Friendships and brotherhoods devising strife,
 Or plotting to defile a neighbour's bed,
 In duel met with dagger of revenge,
 Or casting, on the widow's heritage,

The eye of covetousness; or with ill hand
 On mercy's noiseless errands, unobserved,
 Administering; or meditating fraud
 And deeds of horrid barbarous intent,
 In full pursuit of unexperienced hope,
 Fluttering along the flowery path of youth;
 Or steeped in disappointment's bitterness,
 The fevered cup that guilt must ever drink,
 When parched and tainting on the road of ill,
 Beggar and king, the clown and haughty lord,
 The venerable sage, and empty top,
 The ancient matron, and the rosy bride;
 The virgin chaste, and shrouded harlot vile;
 The savage fierce, and man of science, mild;
 The good and evil, in a moment all
 Were changed, corruptible to incorrupt,
 And mortal to immortal, ne'er to change.

And now, descending from the bowers of heaven,
 Soft airs o'er all the earth, spreading, were heard,
 And Hallelujahs sweet, the harmony
 Of righteous souls that came to repose;
 Then long neglected bodies, and anon
 Upon the ear fell horribly the sound
 Of cursing, and the yells of damned despair,
 Uttered by felon spirits that the trumpet
 Had summoned from the burning glooms of hell
 To put their bodies on, reserved for woe.

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